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CATALOGUE

OF

A PRIVATE COLLECTION

OF

PAINTINGS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY ARTISTS OF THE

DÜSSELDORF ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

New York:
WM. C. BRYANT & CO., PRINTERS, 18 NASSAU STREET.

1851.

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From the Library of the
Fogg Museum of Art
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Extracts from the Public Press of New York.

These remarks of the Press were made at the time the Gallery was first opened, since when, many pictures have been added.

The Dusseldorf Gallery.—The arrival of *one* fine picture, of a new style, or that can give a new sensation of art, is by no means an inconsiderable event in a city.

The Dusseldorf Collection, however, is one of unusual magnitude in the way of Art, for it is a sudden and unheralded revelation of a *whole school* of painters, of whose existence, hitherto, we have known little or nothing. In a remote town of Germany, an Academy of Art, founded by one liberal sovereign and encouraged by others, has gradually grown to be a home of artists, and, by isolation and mutual emulation, they have formed a separate school of style, the peculiarities of which have been heightened to striking excellencies, till they now send out a Gallery for Exhibition which rivals successfully the best exhibitions of modern Art in France and England.

We confess that these Dusseldorf pictures took us quite by surprise, and we are sure that few novel spectacles will ever have become so fertile a theme of discussion and interest. It gives great point and individuality to the exhibition, also, that there are two most admirable pictures, with a grouped portraiture of the principal Dusseldorf artists—very fine-looking fellows, and a brotherhood one would like exceedingly to visit. The life in such an atmosphere of Art and genius must be very delightful, and the old town of Dusseldorf is illuminated by their residence there, like a decayed bush by the golden breast and clear carol of the bird that chooses it to sit in and sing.

We have not yet had the leisure to make the second and more critical visit which would enable us to speak safely of the comparative merits of these beautiful pictures, but we will do so hereafter, and, meantime we advise no one to lose this opportunity of adding another whole volume to their viewless library of thought-learning in Art.—*Home Journal.*

The Fine Arts.—A Rare Collection of Paintings.—One of the most important items of the week, in matters of Art, is the arrival of a large private collection of modern German paintings, principally by the most prominent artists of the Dusseldorf school. Among them was a beautiful work by Hubner, "Das Jagdrecht," a terrible story of the game laws of Germany. This is the same artist whose picture of the "Lovers' Quarrel," in the Art Union, has excited so much attention lately, but which is, however, a far inferior work

to this we speak of. Another, a picture of "Falstaff enlisting his Troop," from the Dusseldorf school, is painted in the true spirit of Shakspeare. Falstaff, however, has a little too much of the German in his composition, and we may well imagine what a German Falstaff might be; a "Heidelberg Tun" of beer and heaviness, not a luxurious butt of good "Sherris Sack" and wit. 'Tis a capital picture though, and so is a most fairy like scene of elves and mannikins—"Peas Blossoms and Cobwebs." The original of a fine lithograph, well-known to our artists, contains portraits of all the painters of the Dusseldorf school at a shooting match. Think what a commotion a hundred and thirty such let loose among us would create in our little world of Art. We fancy that our artists would appreciate the necessity of severe study, and that our annual exhibitions would be the better for it. We can do as well, and perhaps, better, in time, but not until we cease this mere "playing at Art." Whether the pictures we have spoken of will be exhibited, we know not; we sincerely hope they may be; we apprehend that the most serious obstacle in the way is the difficulty in obtaining a proper gallery. A few only have been opened, to ascertain if they had suffered any damage on the voyage, and having seen these, and been extremely gratified, we are the more ardently desirous that all should be exhibited, and that the public and ourselves may enjoy the full of so rich a treat.—*Literary World.*

PICTURES.—Art is civilizing and refining, and the Art of painting, especially, appeals so directly to the sense of beauty, color and proportion, with which all human beings are more or less endowed, and which sense in all may be educated, and rendered a source of pure and permanent delight, that it becomes a duty, in some degree, and an obligation to encourage the growth of this Art.

We know not that this can be more effectually done than, in the first instance, by placing within the reach and examination of minds "finely touched to fine issues," master-pieces of painting.

The school of Dusseldorf, in one of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, is world-renowned, and from that school, one of our fellow-citizens, of German birth—Mr. J. G. Boker, long a resident here, has recently brought over some of the finest paintings, which, while yet at home, adorned his own residence.

He will, it may be hoped, permit them to be exhibited. Indeed, we call upon him, in the name of his adopted country, to do so; for thereby he will confer upon it real benefit. These paintings are as yet unpacked for the most part. Some three or four, however, we have had an opportunity, through the kindness of Mr. Boker, of examining—they are of rare excellence.—*Cour. & Enq.*

PAINTINGS BY THE DUSSELDORF ARTISTS.—We have an opportunity on the present occasion of saying little else in relation to this exhibition, besides announcing its opening at the Church of the Divine Unity, in Broadway, and desiring all our readers to visit it, as one of the most gratifying and instructive collections which have ever been seen in the United States. It is full of evi-

dences of that indefatigable and minute study of Form which characterizes the German Schools, and in regard to which the Directors are so exacting, that newly arrived students are almost reduced to despair by the magnitude of the task before them. But results such as these show the advantage of this severe discipline, nay, its indispensable importance, if the true objects and aims of Art are to be fulfilled. The decision in handling, the freedom of outline, the firmness and accuracy of touch, which knowledge in the department abovementioned confers, give a completeness and unity to the expression of thought on canvass, which a half-educated artist, however great his genius, can never obtain by his uncertain and tentative experiments.—*Am. Art Union Bulletin*

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.—One of the agreeable effects of the state of revolution on the European continent, is to throw many precious things into our own country for safe-keeping. One of the very best galleries of pictures ever seen in America, was sent over here at the time Napoleon was turning all Europe into a battle-field; and now, again we are honored with the protection of another precious collection of paintings, deemed at home too valuable to be exposed to the vicissitudes of the Germanic struggles for confederacy. Really, no compliment can exceed that which the jealous anxieties of foreign *virtuosi* thus pay to the stability of our institutions, the good order and good taste of our people. What! these Western barbarians become the custodians of European art! This nation with the clearing axe yet on its shoulder, and the log-house over its head, whose laws are administered by Judge Lynch; the crow-bar its only burine; Russia-duck for its canvass; its chisel a very *cold* one; this rude, coarse, unformed nation—yet an experiment—become the refuge of the delicacy and refinement, the precious commodities, the priceless ornaments of foreign cities. Would it be very preposterous to send an American deputation over to Rome, offering to take charge of the contents of the Vatican until things were settled in Italy? True, we might find it necessary to build a considerable town to keep it in, but that we are doing for much less important purposes every few weeks. Perhaps poor Charles Albert's final defeat may render it unnecessary, as order in Italy seems likely to be restored by the utter ruin of its hopes of immediate freedom.

But though we are not likely to move the Vatican here, we *have* got this charming collection of pictures, the Dusseldorf Gallery, so called because painted by artists of that famous modern school. One of the peculiarities of this collection is the interest and variety of its subjects, and the staring, popular character of its merits. It takes no special cultivation of taste to enjoy it—a great thing to say, when it is added that nobody can enjoy the collection without *improvement* of taste. Its excellencies are not hidden and profound—not of the highest—but they are pure, without trick, real, substantial—their chief merit being that they are thoroughly pleasing. It seems to us that the drawing is very unusually good. To our taste, the gem is neither the Othello, nor the Adoration of the Magi—both, perhaps, more valued—but the piece

illustrating Tieck, the Naiads and Cupids waiting upon the lucky little morta in the Sea-shell.—*Christian Enquirer.*

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.—The re-opening of this interesting collection and the addition to it of several new pictures, afford us a welcome opportunity to offer our readers the few remarks upon it, which we were, soon after its opening, obliged to postpone to other matters.

We have in it about eighty paintings of all descriptions of subjects and all grades of merit;—for, with all our admiration of the collection as a whole, and of some noble works in particular, we feel bound to say that some specimens are but little higher in merit than mere furniture pictures. More than this—they look like a certain description of furniture; those useful articles called tea-trays, which, to suit the taste of some people, are made ornamental by the painting upon them of shiny landscapes and gaudy figure-pieces.

This remark, however, must not be considered at all as a qualification of our high respect for the abilities of the Dusseldorf men; for it applies in any great measure to a few of the pictures only, and those the most insignificant in subject, size and treatment. We should hardly have noticed it, save that it seems indicative of the besetting sin of the school, and that slight vestiges of it are discernible in some of even the most beautiful works on the walls. This effect is not a little increased in some of the pictures by the glass which has been put over them, which also seems objectionable to us on account of its reflective power, causing as it does the frames of the opposite paintings and the persons of the spectators to mingle distractingly with the figures or foliage upon the canvass. We have yet to be convinced that a good oil painting does not lose rather than gain by being seen through a glass medium; a lithograph, colored and gummed, is improved by it, but with everything else the contrary is the case; even with an engraving the glass is a necessary evil.

But while we cannot shut our eyes to this general fault, we cannot acquiesce in the opinion, so generally expressed by artists and critics, that the paintings are too highly finished in details and accessories. We deny that a picture can be too highly finished in any part. The idea, upon a moment's reflection, will be seen to carry absurdity upon the very face of it. It is like finding fault with the poetry of Pope for the polish of its language, the melody of its rhythm and the exactness of its expression, or with the music of Mozart for the melodious grace of its inner parts. Accessories can be made too prominent by being brought forward at the expense of the principal figures, and details may seem obtrusively finished when they usurp that attention which is due to the thought to be embodied. But in such cases the fault is not of commission but of omission. It consists in the neglect of the greater, not in the attention to the less. In such a case we should say—we use the words with reverence—"this ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone." And if an artist who can paint nothing well but stuffs or architecture, chooses an ambitious subject and executes it in a trivial manner, we should find fault with

him for attempting a subject which is beyond his power, not for accomplishing that which is within it.

We regret to hear so much stress laid upon this so called fault of high finish, because it is upon this point that our own painters, the best of them too, are most deficient. They are too apt to give us sketches in oils instead of finished pictures; thus indicating to us what they intend to do, rather than doing it;—as if a man were to end his journey at the last finger-post which pointed to his place of destination. We should hope much more for our artists if they would study and imitate the finish of their brothers of Dusseldorf, instead of carping at it.

But there is another finish and of a higher kind, palpable in these works, which none can find fault with, and which our artists would do as well to emulate, and that is, finish of design, of conception. There is a singleness and clearness of thought in these pictures indicative of a "knowing what they are about," in the artists, which is evidently the fruit, not of individual genius, but of discipline; and this discipline is what our artists need most. We miss in their works the power to strip a thought of all parasite growth and present it simply, clearly, and therefore forcibly, to the eye and the mind. This power the Dusseldorf painters have thoroughly acquired, as is evident to the careful student of this collection,—save perhaps in CAMPHAUSEN'S "*Battle of Ascalon*," and "*Castle invaded by Puritans*," which are almost of necessity a collection of groups of greater or less interest.—The chief reason why this power should be apparent in so large a number of artists, is the influence which must flow from the gathering together of so many for the purposes of mutual study and improvement. Hints and kindly criticism from superiors and fellows must be of great benefit to artists in this respect; and even the carpings of envy cannot be without their use. Are not our own painters here too apt to keep aloof from each other, and to seek injudicious, though honest praise from unlearned friends, rather than encounter the keen eyes and educated taste of their fellow artists, at the risk of hearing a little wholesome truth? And if they hear such truth, are they not apt to disregard it as the prompting of envy? What matter who is the prompter if it be the truth?—*Cour. & Enq.*

THE FINE ARTS.—THE DUSSELDORF PICTURES.—It is somewhat strange that Dusseldorf, the capital of the inconsiderable Duchy of Berg, in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia—a town of little note, dignified by no historical associations, situated on the monotonous flats of the Rhine, far below the region of its grandeur and enchantment, with nothing to boast in the way of palaces, churches, theatres, or ruins, the great staples of Continental cities—should, nevertheless, be the seat of a School of Painting, perhaps the most conspicuous on the Continent, and which has aided in giving stability and strength to the most important movements in the history of Modern Art. It is true that a famous collection of pictures once adorned the walls of the Electoral palace; but the palace was destroyed in 1794 by the French, and the pictures were removed to Munich. It was long after their removal that the school began to

flourish and become prominent. It seems to have found some congenial influences which are hidden from common observation, and make up for the apparent deficiencies of the place. Perhaps the artists who have congregated in so unromantic a locality, have been urged to greater efforts after ideal beauty, by the very presence of the natural barrenness which surrounds them.

Cornelius, to whom, we believe, belongs the honor of the foundation of the School of Dusseldorf, was a native of the town. Though little known in this country, his name stands at the head of the Modern German Painters, especially of those who, in immediate connexion with him, broke through the conventional mannerisms by which the genius of artists was trammelled, and the spirit of Art degraded; and in opposition to Academies and Professors, sought a freer field for the exercise of "the gift and faculty divine," of which they were the possessors. Of these men, Cornelius, Overbeck, and Schadow, were the most distinguished. They met at Rome, whither they had gone for a common purpose, that of seeking amongst the works of the greatest masters for the truest inspiration. They regarded themselves as the martyrs of the modern absurdities and insipidities which usurped the places and authority of art. Overbeck had, in fact, beeen expelled from the Academy of Vienna, for exercising that independence of thought which never fails to excite the horror of old "foundations." He had taken refuge from the Academician amongst the grand memorials of the early painters of Italy. He found kindred spirits in his countrymen, banished, like himself, by the puerilities and pompous absurdities of the German Schools, and, like himself in quest of a purer standard of taste, and a more congenial field of labor.

Under such circumstances it was very natural that they should go from one extreme to the other; from the ultra-modern to the ultra-medieval; from the overloaded ornaments and artificial redundancies of painting which were nearest to them in point of time, to the simplicity and sincerity which were furthest off—even beyond the period of highest excellence, quite back in the infancy of the Revival of Art. Equally natural was it that they should have found in their new associations, controling motives of life, higher than the standards of artistic taste. The old masters led them to the old faith. They exchanged the cold formalities of German Lutheranism for the more vivid ritual of that church, over whose altars, and in whose aisles and sacristies, and cloisters they had studied the works of the masters of their adoption, and found in their pure and simple creations, not less the inspiration of genius than the fervor of unaffected faith. Cornelius was born a Roman Catholic. A large number of his fellow students in Rome, including Overbeck and Schadow, were converted to Romanism, and, as a matter of course, went far beyond him in devotion to their new faith. Their fanaticism, however, for with some it reached that point, gave new ardor to the zeal with which they devoted themselves to their art.

A school of painters formed under such influences, and animated by such inducements, could not have failed of success. Their extravagance was not of a kind to interfere with their progress, for it was the extravagance of simpli-

city and adherence to the real forms of nature. It was the imitation of a former style, it is true, but that was better as a foundation than conformity to any modern standard.

The King of Bavaria, whose abdication and downfall ought to be lamented by all the painters and paint brushes in Christendom, visited Rome about 1820, during the residence there of these new enthusiasts of the old school. He adopted their notions of art, and what was more to the purpose, adopted a great number of the artists themselves, and proved a constant and munificent patron of their labors. To him, more than to any other man, Germany is indebted for the success of modern art. Munich is full of the pictures of Cornelius and his disciples, painted under the auspices and directions of Louis of Bavaria.

But to come back to Dusseldorf. Soon after the consummation of the new movements at Rome, and the accession of King Louis, Cornelius was established at Munich, and Schadow, his co-worker, was appointed Director of the Dusseldorf Academy, to which he immediately communicated the spirit and style which they had both adopted, and by means of which a new impulse had been given to German Art.

It was thus that the Dusseldorf school derived the distinctive peculiarities, which characterize its works of sacred art. Schadow, since he has been at its head, has devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of purely religious pictures, and the best productions of the Academy have been of this description. The school, however, has been by no means confined in its labors or in its reputation to this department of art. Some of its most distinguished artists are painters of historical pictures, landscapes and still life. Many of them are Protestants and ultra Protestants, the religious opinions of both sides of the school being sharpened by contact with each other. At the head of the latter class stands Lessing, who has acquired a great reputation from his pictures of the scenes and heroes of the Reformation, and who is looked up to as the head of the Protestant branch of the Academy.

The "Gallery of paintings by artists of the Dusseldorf Academy," recently opened in Broadway, and which has suggested the foregoing sketch, is only a partial representation of the spirit and style of the school. There are no specimens (would there were) of the works of the painters who have given it its character and prominence. The religious pictures of Cornelius, and Schadow, and Overbeck, and Deger, are too much prized at home to be easily purchased for trans-atlantic exhibition. To be seen and studied, one must visit the churches and galleries of the old world. Nor are there in this collection any paintings by Lessing, or Sohn, or Bendemann, the artists who rank first amongst those who may be called the secular painters of the school. This, we say, not to depreciate the collection, but to avoid giving the impression that it can be regarded as by any means a complete display of Dusseldorf art. Still it is a very choice exhibition, exceeding *apropos* to the present increased interest in the arts which is perceptible with us, and, as far as it goes, a very satisfactory

specimen of the school from which it emanates. It is strong in that pleasing description of cabinet pictures which many of the modern German artists delight in, and in which an artistic or romantic subject frequently helps out defects of style and manner which would be the ruin of larger compositions. It is strong, too, in landscapes by Achenbach and others of reputation in this difficult department, and fortunately it is not without one picture—The Adoration of the Magi—the first in the catalogue—which exhibits, in its pure and simple details, something of the mystical beauty and unearthly grace which fascinated the German pilgrims at Rome in the works of Fra Angelico and Perugino, and in which they recognised the highest type of Christian art.—*Literary World.*

THE THREE GALLERIES.—The three galleries open in Broadway, the Dusseldorf, the Art-Union, and Goupil and Vibert's, will naturally suggest a comparison of some of the characteristic traits of the three nations to which they respectively belong. It is impossible for any intelligent observer to pass from one to another, without fancying to himself that he can trace in their paintings the same differences which are acknowledged to exist in the social life of the three countries, Germany, America and France.

The Dusseldorf, though it may not represent the highest school of German Art, is as complete a collection as could be desired, if the object were an exposition of the German character. In its domestic scenes, its Harvest Festival, the career of that hopeful *bursch*, Mr. Iobs, whose examination at the university has drawn tears from so many eyes, in the fairy scene, the drinking bouts, the learning of the landscapes and Shakspeare compositions—in all things—the collection is thoroughly and umistakeably German—so much so to our apprehension, as a collection of *Volkslieder.*

We can distinguish, through all, the intense *feeling* which is the marked peculiarity of that nation of musicians, and which underlies and forms the substratum of their grotesque fancy and humor. They have not the *emotion* of the Italians; when a German sings he does not throw himself out with open gesticulation; he looks upward and is lost in rapture. See the fair-haired girl in the Harvest Festival, for example; had she been Italian, she would have danced as well as sung; as it is, she might serve almost for a type of German peasant maidenhood. So might the little girl in the Fairy Scene stand for an embodiment of German childhood. And in Mr. Iobs, his family—the little sister who is crying, and the wondering brother—in all the minutiæ of the trials of that extraordinary youth—even the professor who is preparing to sneeze with one hand and taking a fresh pinch of snuff with the other, we have only true German humor, based on German susceptibility of feeling.—*Literary World.*

EXTRACT

FROM THE PLAN OF THE ART-UNION

OF

RHENISH PRUSSIA AND WESTPHALIA.

1. This Art-Union is a Corporation which has its seat at Dusseldorf, where the King of Prussia has re-established the Academy of Fine Arts which existed there formerly, and which was dissolved during the ascendency of Napoleon.

2. It is constituted by a combination of such friends and amateurs of the Arts, as obligate themselves to a yearly contribution of five Prussian Thalers (with difference of exchange, say $3\frac{3}{4}$). This contribution of five Thalers entitles to one share, each member remaining at liberty to subscribe for as many shares as he pleases.

3. Each member receives a ticket for every share he subscribes, and by the number of such tickets, the Paintings which the Art-Union acquires each year by purchase, will be distributed by lot, generally in August or September. The Engravings, hereafter mentioned, will be distributed among all the members.

OBJECT OF THIS ART-UNION.

1. To further and promote the Arts, and consequently to encourage and support Artists—to create a more general interest for the beautiful—thereby causing the Arts to be more applied to the ornament of public life, and thus to obtain opportunities to deliver to posterity their noblest productions.

2. The Art-Union will endeavor to attain its object by the following means :—It will purchase the principal works of the Dusseldorf as well as of all other German and foreign Artists, who may send their works to the yearly exhibition at Dusseldorf, and of which purchases, such paintings as are adapted to private possession will be publicly distributed by lot among its members. To paintings which by their size and subjects will fill a more proper place in public life, this latter destination will be given.

The means of the Art-Union are further applied to the production of engravings on copper and steel ; also, Lithographies which will be periodically distributed among all the members. Thus, each member receives at least the value of his yearly subscription, and may besides win a painting of decided merit, and even of great cost.

A subscription-book is laid open at the exhibition-room, and share-tickets will be given by JOHN G. BOKER, who is a member of the Committee of the Art-Union, and their Honorary Secretary in the United States.

NOTICE.—The subscription for the Dusseldorf Art-Union has been raised to $4 ; in consideration of which, prizes and prints will in future be delivered at the exhibition rooms, free of all charges.

CATALOGUE

OF

PAINTINGS AND ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,

BY ARTISTS OF THE

ACADEMY OF ARTS AT DÜSSELDORF.

☞ The Paintings are numbered to correspond with the numbers in the Catalogue.

1. The Adoration of the Magi, *Steinbruck.*

This Painting has obtained a great reputation in Europe, and has been judged to be, in many respects, superior to Correggio's celebrated "Holy Night," in the Dresden Gallery. The diffusion of light from the Holy Child will be admired by every beholder.

The picture of the highest aim here—"*The Adoration of the Magi*," by Steinbruck—has the merit of being in conception and execution worthy of its subject, and to say this is to say much. Too often do we see a sacred subject painfully profaned by the extravagance or imbecility of the artist, and even in the works of some of the great ones of the past, the imposing influence of a grand conception is not unfrequently weakened by the obtrusion of ludicrous anachronisms and degrading triviality. Indeed, with numbers who are not accustomed, or may not be able to separate the essentials of a picture from its accidents, these faults are fatal to many noble works, and are the causes, perhaps, of not a few of the sneers levelled at the admirers of the "old masters." But from similar errors all can now be free, though not possessing the genius which made those errors tolerable. The composition of Steinbruck's *Adoration*, its general purity and solemnity of tone, and its admirable management of light and shadow, raise it to high eminence in the lofty range of art to which it aspires. The group which, still in the clear darkness of the night, points to the star above the stable, the figure of Joseph half in shadow and half in light, the girl who, leaning from the outside on a beam, bends her face in till it is bathed in the holy light, the hesitating steps of the blind shepherd and the heavenly expression of countenance in the attendant angels, are some of the fine points in the picture.—*Cour. and Enq.*

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.—We would draw public attention to this beautiful collection of paintings by living German artists of the Dusseldorf School. We could fill a column with the beauties of this collection, one of the best that has ever been exhibited in our country, but must content ourselves with mentioning a few: the picture of the "Reapers returning from work," is a most beautiful production, and well-deserving of particular attention. A small painting of the "Wine Testers in a Cellar," is capital; the expression of the faces of the testers, shows plainly how far they had gone. But the gem of the collection, is the "Holy Night;" the effect of the light in this picture, emanating from the Divine Infant, is wholly indescribable, and must be seen to be appreciated, as anything we could say, would be insufficient to convey a correct idea of its beauties.—*Evening Express.*

2. Entrance of Columbus into Barcelona, after his Discovery of America, *Pluddemann.*

3. The Departure of the Student for the University,
4. The Student's Examination at the University, } *Hasenclever.*
5. His Return Home,

The preceding three paintings are by Hasenclever, for whose fame they laid the foundation. Their idea is taken from a popular German Poem, called the "Jobsiad," caricaturing the career of a German Student and German Universities, sixty years ago. No. 4 is the sketch of No. 105, a larger painting, containing more figures, and which has obtained a European reputation. It is being engraved on copper, and the plate is now finished. The impression underneath was taken in 1849, to test the progress of the plate. Subscriptions will be received at the exhibition room. The prices have been fixed lower than perhaps was ever before done for a copper-plate print of the same size with so many figures.

The humorous pieces by Hasenclever, are full of merit, more so than is usual with German painters, who succeed better in the grotesque than in the humorous. The three pictures illustrative of the University Student's career, are remarkable for keen satire and nice discrimination of character. In the "*Wine Testers,*" the different expressions of tasting are admirably given; and the wise look of many of the personages will provoke a smile from those who have been present at such scenes.—*Courier.*

The following is from the *Literary World* of Oct. 11th, 1851, and although the translated letter of Jobs does not directly elucidate the preceding pictures, it is, nevertheless, here inserted, as it may have a tendency to make their humor better understood.

THE JOBSIAD.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—You and your readers will, no doubt, be glad to see, for the first time in English, a specimen of the famous German drollery, called the *Jobsiad;* or

"THE LIFE, OPINIONS, ACTIONS, AND FATE OF

HIERONIMUS JOBS:

THE CANDIDATE.

And how he whilome won great renown
And died as night-watch in Schildeburg town.

Adorned throughout with woodcuts numerous,
Finely wrought and very humorous,
A faithful history, neat and terse,
Writ in new-fashion doggerel verse."

I am told that some illustrations of this poem are to be seen in the Dusseldorf collection now exhibiting in your city.

The following is a translation of the 14th chapter of the work, being "a letter which the student, Hieronimus, wrote to his parents:"

Dear and Honored Parents,
I lately
Have suffered for want of money greatly;
Have the goodness, therefore, to send without fail
A trifle or two by return of mail.

I want about 20 or 30 ducats;
For I have not at present a cent in my pockets;
Things are so tight with us this way,
Send me the money at once, I pray.

And everything is growing higher,
Lodging and washing, and lights and fire,
And incidental expenses every day—
Send me the ducats without delay.

You can hardly conceive the enormous expenses
The college imposes, on all pretences,
For text-books and lectures so much to pay—
I wish the ducats were on their way!

I devote to my studies unremitting attention—
One thing I must not forget to mention:
The 30 ducats—pray send them straight,
For my purse is in a beggarly state.

Boots and shoes, and stockings and breeches,
Tailoring, washing, and extra stitches,
Pen, ink, and paper are all so dear!
I wish the 30 ducats were here!

The money—(I trust you will speedily send it!)
I promise faithfully to spend it;
Yes, dear parents, you need never fear,
I live very strictly and frugally here.

When other students revel and riot,
I steal away into perfect quiet,
And shut myself up with my books and light,
In my study-chamber till late at night.

Beyond the needful supply of my table,
I spare, dear parents, all I am able;
Take tea but rarely, and nothing more,
For spending money afflicts me sore.

Other students, who'd fain be called *mellow*,
Set me down for a niggardly fellow,
And say: there goes the dig,* just look!
How like a parson he eyes his book!

With jibes and jokes they daily beset me,
But none of these things do I suffer to fret me;
I smile at all they can do or say—
Don't forget the ducats, I pray!

Ten hours each day I spend at the college,
Drinking at the fount of knowledge,
And when the Lectures come to an end,
The rest in private study I spend.

* See "College Words and Customs."

The Professors express great gratification,
Only they hope I will use moderation,
And not wear out in my studiis,
Pholosophicis and theologicis.

It would savor, dear parents, of self-laudation,
To enter on an enumeration
Of all my studies—in brief, there is none
More exemplary than your dear son.

My head seems ready to burst asunder,
Sometimes, with its learned load, and I wonder
Where so much knowledge is packed away:
(Apropos! don't forget the ducats, I pray!)

Yes, dearest parents, my devotion to study
Consumes the best strength of mind and body,
And generally the night is spent
In meditation deep and intent.

In the pulpit soon I shall take my station,
And try my hand at the preacher's vocation,
Likewise I dispute in the college hall
On learned subjects with one and all.

But don't forget to send me the ducats,
For I long so much to replenish my pockets;
The money, one day, shall be returned
In the shape of a son right wise and learn'd.

Then my *Privatissimum**—(I've been thinking on it
For a long time—and in fact begun it)
Will cost me 20 Rix dollars more,
Please send with the ducats I mentioned before.

I also, dear parents, inform you sadly,
I have torn my coat of late very badly,
So please enclose with the rest in your note
Twelve dollars to purchase a new coat.

New boots are also necessary,
Likewise my night-gown is ragged, very;
My hat and pantaloons, too, alas!
And the rest of my clothes are going to grass.

* A very private lesson.

Now, as all these things are needed greatly
Please enclose me 4 Louis d'ors separately,
  Which, joined to the rest, perhaps will be
  Enough for the present emergency.

My recent sickness you may not have heard of
In fact, for some time, my life was despaired of,
  But I haste to assure you, on my word,
  That now my health is nearly restored.

The Medicus, for services rendered,
A bill of 18 guilders has tendered,
  And then the Apothecary's will be,
  In round numbers, about 23.

Now that Physician and Apothecary
May get their dues, it is necessary
  These 41 guilders be added to the rest;
  But, as to my health, don't be distressed.

The nurse would also have some compensation,
Who attended me in my critical situation,
  I therefore think it would be best
  To enclose seven guilders for her with the rest.

For citrons, jellies, and things of that nature,
To sustain and strengthen the feeble creature,
  The Confectioner, too, has a small account,
  Eight guilders is about the amount.

These various items—of which I've made mention,
Demand immediate attention.
  For order, to me, is very dear,
  And I carefully from debts keep clear.

I also rely on your kind attention,
To forward the ducats of which I made mention,
  So soon as it can possibly be—
  One more small item occurs to me!—

Two weeks ago I unluckily stumbled,
And down the whole length of the stairway tumbled,
  As in at the college door I went,
  Whereby my right arm almost double was bent.

The Chirurgus who attended on the occasion,
For his balsams, plasters, and preparation
Of spiritus, and other things needless to name,
Charges 12 dollars; please forward the same.

But, that your minds may be acquiescent,
I am, thank God, now convalescent;
Both shoulder and skin are in a very good way,
And I go to lecture every day.

My stomach is still in a feeble condition,
A circumstance owing, so thinks the physician,
To sitting so much when I read and write,
And studying so long and so late at night.

He, therefore, earnestly advises
Burgundy wine, with nutmeg and spices,
And every morning, instead of tea,
For the stomach's sake to drink sangaree.

Please send, agreeably to these advices,
Two pistoles for the wine and spices,
And be sure, dear parents, I only take
Such things as these for the stomach's sake.

Finally, a few small debts, amounting
To 30 or 40 guilders (loose counting).
Be pleased, in your letter, without fail,
Dear parents, to enclose this bagatelle.

And could you, for sundries, send me twenty
Or a dozen Louis d'ors (that would be plenty),
'Twould be a kindness seasonably done,
And very acceptable to your son.

This letter, dear parents, comes hoping to find you
In usual health—I beg to remind you
How much I am for money perplexed,
Please, therefore, to remit in your next.

Herewith I close my letter, repeating
To you and all my friendly greeting,
And subscribe myself, without further fuss,
Your obedient servant,
HIERONYMUS.

I add, in a Postscript what I neglected
To say, beloved and highly respected
Parents, I beg most filially,
That you'll forward the money as soon as may be.

For I had, dear father (I say it weeping),
Fourteen French crowns laid by in safe keeping
(As I thought) for a day of need—but the whole
An anonymous person yesterday stole.

I know you'll make good, without my asking, each shilling,
Your innocent son has lost by this villain;
For a man so considerate must be aware
That I such a loss can nowise bear.

Meanwhile I'll take care that, to-day or to-morrow,
Mister Anonymous shall, to his sorrow
And your satisfaction, receive the reward
Of his graceless trick with the hempen cord.

The above translation is by the Reverend C. T. Brooks, of ***

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6. A Landscape, from original scenery near Dresden, *Pulian.*

7. A Landscape representing a ferry-boat on the Rhine, near Dusseldorf, *Sonderland.*

Has been lithographed, as is seen by an impression underneath.

8 & 9. Two Cattle Pieces, *Simmler.*

With Landscapes, by Andreas Achenbach.

10. Still Life, *Lehnen.*

Lehnen died last summer, after having acquired much fame for these subjects.

11. Interior of an Italian Church, *Guerard.*

12. Falstaff Mustering his Recruits, *Schrodter.*

Taken from Shakspeare's Henry the IV. Schrodter's talent stands pre-eminent, and this Falstaff is considered to be his master-piece.

One of the most charming works in the Gallery is "*Falstaff Mustering his Recruits*," by Schrodter. In color we consider it undoubtedly the best figure-piece here; it has equal merit in *chiaroscuro*, and is full of the exquisite humor of the scene. The fat knight's swaggering attitude, and impudent expression, the character given to the "woman's tailor," who needs not his scissors to tell his trade, the management of the light in the recess behind Falstaff, and the introduction of the little page with the sword, appear to us the fine points in the work, which is one of admirable keeping and rare completeness.—*Cour. and Enq.*

13. Autumnal Landscape, *Scheuren.*

14 & 15. Two small Landscapes, *Scheuren.*

16. The Fairies, *Steinbruck.*

The same artist who painted No. 1. This painting is doubtless one of the most beautiful productions of modern Art. The subject is taken from a German Poem called "The Fairies," by L. Tieck.

PAINTINGS BY THE DUSSELDORF ARTISTS.—The city of Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, boasts a school of design which is renowned all over the world, and which has been the occasion of assembling at that point some of the most eminent painters of Germany and the age. A large collection of pictures, by these artists, has lately been brought to this city. A few of them, which we have seen, are exceedingly beautiful.

One of these represent the fairies doing homage to a peasant girl. The expression of innocence and pleased surprise in the face of the girl is admirably given, as the supernatural beings around her perform their gambols and offer their gifts. This painting is by Steinbruck, who has also a picture of the Adoration of the Magi in the collection.

This is a picture of the modern German school of religious painting, re-producing the devout manner of the early ecclesiastical painters. It is full of dignity and feeling.

There is also a capital picture by Camphausen, representing an English castle just captured by the Roundheads, who are binding the hands of the Cavaliers who had defended it. It is full of action, and every part of it furnishes matter for study.

A selection from these pictures, we understand, will soon be exhibited to the public. They will form a most interesting and attractive collection.—*Evening Post.*

"*The Fairies*," by the artist of the Magi, is a work of equal excellence in another and a lighter vein, and one which will awaken quicker and wider admiration. It is a charming piece of fancy, and as chaste as it is charming. We cannot help mentally contrasting it with what it would have been, under French treatment. The water through which these elves—they are not children or child-like, or intended so to be—push the delighted and bewildered girl, is beautifully limpid; we have never seen painted drops so transparent and mobile as those which stream from the lip of the brimming conch which one of the little imps heaves up.

The attitude of the one pushing, and the pensive air of the one sitting abstracted in the bow of the shell, are triumphs each in their way. So are the broad leaves, on one of which a rollicking little sprite has cast himself at full length.—*Cour. & Enq.*

17. Scenery on the Rhine, near Dusseldorf, *John.*

18. A Fruit Piece, *Preyer.*

Preyer ranks as one of the first of modern European artists for Fruit Pieces and Flowers, and justly so, as is proved by this piece.

Good Fruit Pieces are very rare; but No. 18, by Preyer, is entitled to high praise. The Fruit is well chosen, well arranged and well painted. The dish in which it lies is an extremely graceful fancy. —*Albion.*

19 and 20. The Artists of Dusseldorf, *Boser.*

Faithful portraits, all taken from life. A lithograph has been taken from No. 19, of which an impression hangs underneath. The Landscape of No. 19 is by Lessing.

21. Portrait of a Lady, *Hildebrandt.*

Some artist who painted Nos. 25 and 26.

22. Cid and his Sons, from Spanish History, *Grasshoff.*

23. The Wine Testers, *Hasenclever.*

24. A Landscape—Return from the Chase, *Schulten.*

25. Othello and Desdemona, *Hildebrandt.*

26. The same subject, on a smaller scale, *Hildebrandt.*

No 25 was painted for the King of Prussia, and H, ook it to Berlin for delivery, when the revolution broke out, which induced him to return to Dusseldorf without even placing his painting before the King. H. painted, some years ago, the "Death of the Sons of Edward," which painting was greatly admired, and for which £2,000 has been offered in vain to the possessor, Mr. Von Spiegel, of Halberstadt.

The scene of Othello rehearsing his adventures and warlike achievements to Desdemona. In the whole compass of painting which it has been our fortune to see, we remember nothing superior to that Desdemona. There is great merit, merit of every sort in the whole picture—in composition, color and expression—but the face and figure of Desdemona, the soul looking out at her eyes upon the being whose narrative had fascinated, the absolute intentness of interest could not, as it seems to be, more happily rendered on canvass.—*Cour. and Enq.*

The Fine Arts.—The Dusseldorf Gallery.—We do not believe that the great merits of the Dusseldorf gallery of paintings are as well known to the public as they should be. It is true that we have the national exhibition now open, principally of portraits, and the Art Union—a very attractive, gratuitous lounge—is constantly producing some American works of Art deserving of high praise; but in this gallery we have a choice collection of gems of living masters, collected at great expense. The eye is not bewildered by a crowd of pictures—old and new masters blended confusedly—of great merit and of moderate pretensions. Every picture in the Dusseldorf gallery is a study, with different shades of merit, but each possessing some distinct excellence. We certainly do think, although some differ with us, that "Othello relating his adventures to Desdemona," is a most exquisite work of art, and a picture which, if exhibited by itself, could not fail to be attractive. The earnest zeal of the black general (made black by the artist as he really was,) the interest and deep attention of Desdemona, the noble and commanding head and figure of the Senator Brabantio, the astonishment of the page, the architectural designs of the saloon, and the exquisite finish of the costumes and properties, constitute this picture a study on which the eye never tires. It is one of the best of the modern school we have ever seen. There is a gentleness, sweetness and captivating innocence in the face of Desdemona; a manly, soldier-like character in the figure, countenance and splendid costume of Othello; a stern dignity in the recumbent posture and strongly-marked face of the father—all of which

unite in stamping the artist with the highest impress of genius. Visitors greatly admire the Falstaff, so full of point and humor, and other Shaksperian subjects, which we were somewhat surprised to see the Germans so familiar with. "The Adoration," is also a wonderful picture for its extraordinary management of light, and the landscapes of that rich and varied country are beautifully conceived and ably executed.—*Sunday Times.*

Hildebrandt's *Othello* and *Desdemona* seems to us one of the most fascinating of modern pictures, and without exception the most painful. To see such a love as Hildebrandt has painted in Desdemona's eyes, given to a great grinning negro with rings in his ears, by a woman not of his own race, and such a woman too, is surely enough to convert any one to Calhounism. True, a woman might be supposed to find consolation in the fact that the rings are rubies, but not such a woman as this Desdemona. We wonder if the painter had in his mind the famous comparison, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. It would seem so. And this reminds us that Shakspeare nowhere calls Othello an Ethiopian, neither does he apply the term to Aaron in the horrible Titus Andronicus; but both he continually speaks of as Moors; and he has used the word elsewhere, and certainly had use for it as a reproach in the mouth of Iago, it seems to us that he must have been fully aware of the distinction between the two races. Indeed, we could never see the least reason for supposing that Shakspeare intended Othello to be represented as a negro. With the negroes, the Venetians had nothing to do that we know of, and could not have, in the natural course of things, whereas, with their neighbors, the Moors, they were brought in continual contact. These were a warlike, civilized and enterprizing race, who could furnish an Othello; whereas the contrary has been the condition of the negroes. We are aware that John Quincy Adams endeavored to prove that Othello was a negro, and that Retzch has made him so in his outlines: but to us the Ex-President seems to reason with less than his usual acumen, and the great draughtsman to fail in embodying Shakspeare's noble captain. Hildebrandt's Othello, too, has the negro gaudiness of dress and extravagance of action. He is repulsive, and we wish to see a solid wall built up between him and the lovely lady who looks upon him with such overflowing and passionate emotion.

The artist's conception of Desdemona, though not exactly our own, we admire; and in this we believe that we differ from the majority by whom she is thought to be too womanly, too earnest and pasionful, and too magnificent. Desdemona is a character which can

hardly be embodied with the hope of winning very general approval. Such is the interest she inspires that almost every imaginative mind has formed to itself its own ideal of her, any deviation from which by an artist will be deemed a blemish. But we must dissent from the opinion entertained by many on this point, and defend the painter's conception. We think that her character is regarded in too partial a light. Because her father speaks of her "delicate youth;" calls her a "maiden never bold; of spirit still and quiet," and says that she was "so opposite to marriage that she shunned the wealthy, curled dearlings of our nation," some seem to think her a good little girl, who spoke when spoken to, said "sir," washed the cups and saucers after breakfast, and had serious thoughts of entering a convent. They seem to forget that she is spoken of as of "high and plenteous wit and invention:" that on the very night of her marriage, she before the Senate speaks boldly, though modestly, to her father of the change in her relation; that she says to the Duke, who asks her if she will go with Othello,

> "That I did love the Moor to live with him,
> My downright violence and storm of fortunes
> May trumpet to the world."

They forget that Cassio says she has "an inviting eye," though "right modest," and that she herself told Othello—not yet her declared lover—that "she wished that heaven had made her such a man," and bade him if he had a friend who loved her, to "teach him how to tell his story and that would woo her." Is this indicative of a timorous girl? Is there not here calm self-reliance, deep emotion and strong passion? And are these at all inconsistent with youth, modesty, a quiet spirit and indifference to all suitors save one? It seems to us that the careful observer would look for these in the gentlest, most reserved of those who have attained to early womanhood. Why, the very fact that Desdemona gave her love, unasked, to a mature man, a famous captain, one "rude in speech, and little blessed with the soft phrase of peace," shows why she shunned "the wealthy, curled dearlings."

Desdemona has always seemed to us a girl of vivid imagination much self-reliance, strong passions, and unbounded devotion; who had attained to early womanhood without the influence of a mother's counsel—for we nowhere hear of her mother. Being such a one, she becomes, as such women ever do, "subdued to the very quality of her lord." She shows herself, in her conduct to him, almost the very opposite of what she was to all others, and gives up for him her station, her father's love, her maiden modesty, her

happiness, and finally her very life itself almost without a question or a murmur.

But Desdemona is found too magnificent, too stately, in this picture, for her whom the "house affairs" would draw from the company of her father and Othello. Surely this objection is founded on a misconception. Desdemona's house affairs, were not affairs of pots and pans. In those times, the loftiest ladies, saving queens, overlooked the house affairs, and Desdemona was the mistress of her father's household; for, as we have before remarked, her mother was dead, and with the household of a man of his degree, she would find quite enough in its superintendence to occupy her, without being called upon to soil the tips of her fingers, or hold up the train of her robe. Desdemona, too magnificent! She who was the daughter of a Venetian magnifico, a Senator! who had the wife of a man of Iago's rank for her waiting woman! a noble lady of that queenly city, of whom Byron says,

> "Her daughters had their dowers
> From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
> Poured into her lap all gems in sparkling showers,
> In purple was she robed, and of her feast
> Monarchs partook and deemed their dignity increased!

How could a painter make such a woman other than magnificent?

The drawing of this picture is excellent, and shows great study of the model. The light too, is beautifully managed. What can be finer than its effect upon the shoulder of Desdemona, on the beard of Brabantio, or the translucent ruddiness it lends his ear? The head of Brabantio is a noble one, and finely modelled; the draperies and jewels are fine, but we hardly notice them with two such heads in the picture as those of Desdemona and her father; and the gaping wonder of the little page who bears away the wine, is a happy stroke of nature. All is well, save that great, grinning blackamoor.—*Cour. & Enq.*

27. The Reaper's Return Home, *Becker.*

The beauties of this painting have been much appreciated. Becker ranks in the first class of German artists.

If it be ever allowable to recommend one's own wares in a catalogue, it is so with No. 27, to which, indeed, attention may well be called. It is by Becker, and a most charming piece of workmanship it is, reminding us, in style and subject, of some of Leopold Robert's best.—*Albion.*

Who has not been touched by contemplating these Reapers? Becker has painted here a beautiful idyl, thoroughly German, and yet so

full of natural feeling, so expressive of simple happiness and heart-felt content, that it will win sympathy—and that is more than admiration—in every country and from all healthy minds. The ease of all the figures here, their motion, their well poised attitudes, particularly that of the man snapping his finger at the child, the warm, sunny light which falls upon the group from behind, gilding the folds of the homely drapery, are worthy of all admiration.—*Cour. & Enq.*

28. The Battle of Ascalon, in the year 1099, *Camphausen.*

Godfrey of Bouillon, conquers the Saracens under the battle-cry, "God wills it," (Deus lo volt.) Near him are the banners of the Holy Cross, and of Jerusalem, and he is followed by the Archbishop, carrying the Holy Lance. In the foreground, on the left, is seen old Raymond of Toulouse, and on the right, Tancred of Tarent, in combat with Ethiopian foot-soldiers.

29. Dutch Sea-shore, Shipping in the Offing, *Andr. Achenbach.*

30. Effect of Sunset in the Forest, *Andr. Achenbach.*

31. Norwegian Scenery, with Glaciers, *Andr. Achenbach.*

In landscape, Achenbach and Gude bear the balm. What a beautiful representation of Nature in her wildest moods is Gude's "Norwegian Scenery, with Bears." How palpable the clear atmosphere beyond the mountain tops! How rich the color! How bold and broad the general effect, and yet with what nicety the details are finished, even to the torrent's spray, the rocks and the fern leaves!

Achenbach's "Norwegian Scenery, with Glaciers," is full of poetry, and as full of fine painting. The mist, the lonely firs, and the settling flock of water-fowl, whose screaming one might be excused for listening for, are alike evidences of the painter's imagination and skill. The "Dutch Sea-shore," by the same artist, is an admirable water piece, one of the gustiest things we ever saw on canvass; but in power it is second to the "Storm on the Coast of Sicily," in which Achenbach has shown great daring, and that he has a right to dare. The picture is a mere contest of wind and water below, and of wind and clouds above; the skurrying vapor and driving spray being made prismatic by the almost horizontal rays of the sun. The management of the clouds near the sun, is both truthful and skilful. "The Effect of Sunset in a Forest," is an equally successful attack of an almost equally difficult subject. The yellow glow which pervades the picture may seem unnatural

to some, but those who have much experience in wood life, will hardly deem it so. The flock of sheep is very skilfully introduced. —*Cour. & Enq.*

32. Storm on the Coast of Sicily, *Andr. Achenbach.*

The Dusseldorf Gallery.—In noticing this collection, in the *Albion* of the 21st ult., we reserved our opinion of one picture, having then seen it at a single visit under a very unfavorable light. It is numbered 32, and called in the catalogue, "A Storm on the Coast of Sicily." We have now quietly looked at it several times, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it a very remarkable work of Art. It must be seen by the afternoon's light, or no opinion can fairly be formed of it; for, in addition to its very peculiar treatment, it has a glass plate over it, which interferes materially with a proper examination of its merits, and almost hides them at other times of day. Those who are familiar with J. M. W. Turner, the English painter, may imagine one of his boldest effects, wherein at first sight the coloring appears exaggerated. The sun is breaking through a stormy sky, lighting up the crests of the waves, and gilding portions of a rocky foreground. There are no figures, there is no shipping. Sea, sky and rock make up the picture. It appears to us that the storm is past, though the main body of the water seems driving rapidly from left to right, as though a strong current were setting in that direction. This is one of the singular and striking effects that this painter has conceived and embodied. Another is the character given to his transparent waves in the foreground. They are neither rolling, nor breaking, but are literally rising, (jumping we might almost say,) as one may see them in a vexed and thoroughly troubled ocean, when the fury of the wind has subsided. These irregular, abrupt, perpendicular jerks must have been remarked at times by those who keep their eyes open in a storm, on the coast or at sea. Achenbach has boldly represented them, and though probably pronounced unnatural by the careless observer, they may be here and there recognized as true to nature. To conclude, for it is next to impossible to describe such a subject, we will only say that this picture has heightened our idea of the genius, originality, and skill of the Dusseldorf Artists.—*Albion.*

33. Norwegian Scenery, with a Cataract, *Leu.*

34. Mountain Scenery after Rain, *Weber.*

35. Norwegian Scenery, with Bears, *Gude.*

There are two Landscapes in this collection, which are as fine as anything of the kind that we can call to mind. Both are by an artist utterly unknown to us, as we do not profess, in common parlance, to keep the run of the moderns. His name is Gude. No. 35 is the first, which we would single out as the gem of the whole gallery—It represents "Norwegian Scenery, with the Bears painted after nature." The eye looks up a torrent forming a succession of waterfalls, to a mountain of considerable elevation that rises in the back ground. Heatherly plants and stunted fir trees show the soil and climate—nor is the rocky scene one of particularly striking character. But the treatment is masterly. The ærial prospective, the vapour from the falling water, the quiet tone of the foreground, the sense of solitude befitting the scene, despite Bruin, and a pathway running upwards by the stream—here is a combination of excellence that makes up a very perfect picture. As for the Bears, they are in the catalogue, and they are in the picture; but they figure less conspicuously in the latter than in the former, not sitting palpably for their portraits, but regularly tonedin—one sucking his paws, the other eyeing his shadow on the path, and both mere sketches—so that without the hint you might almost stumble over them. This admirable work of art is of large cabinet size. We trust no one will hurry past it.

No. 36 does not hang next to the foregoing, but opposite the door. It is also by Gude, and is described as "Morning, and Reindeer Hunters,"—a picture of almost, nay, of quite equal merit. The scene forcibly reminds us of a familiar view of the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp—one often engraved and painted. The masses of snow and glacier are yet in the shade, whilst the rising sun has touched with light the very topmost summit of the mountain. The hunters lie couching behind a rock, and the herd of deer further off are, like those real Bruins in No. 35, kept properly in their pictorial places. Ordinary artists give stationary figures in a landscape the same importance that they have in the spectator's eye when they move across it. Yet every one knows how long an animal or a human figure escapes detection amidst wood and rocks whilst keeping close. One need not have tracked Indians or hunted deer to be well aware of this. Will not a mouse in your room be unnoticed until it begins to move? Attention to this point is no slight merit in a picture, as the short-sighted artist may fancy that he sacrifices effect by toning down his figures.

Our last remark applies equally to No. 41, a most able and truthful landscape by Lange, called "Storm in Autumn, with a Stag Hunt." How many common-place daubers reverse the order, and paint "Stag Hunts, with a Storm!" To the three already

mentioned, we must add, with high commendation, No. 31, by A. Achenbach, "Norwegian Scenery, with Glaciers," a picture full of sentiment, clothed in gloomy grandeur, appropriate and picturesque.

These four landscapes are alone sufficient to make the exhibition one of great attraction to the lover of the Arts and to stamp the Dusseldorf school with originality and merit. There are two other pictures by Achenbach, that must not be overlooked. No. 30, "Effect of Sunset in the Forest," and No. 32, "Storm on the Coast of Sicily." They are both bold and original, and could scarcely have come off the easel of a mediocre artist. The former is very clever. The eye looks into the woods filled and lighted brilliantly with the hues of an unclouded sun, nearly level, through which, in some parts of the picture, objects are scarcely perceptible. The other is a very ambitious portrait of a Stormy Sea, in which an attempt is made to pourtray it very faithfully. The morning light, under which we saw it, was so unfavorable, that though not prepossessed in its favor, we should not like to pronounce a positive opinion on its merits.—*Albion.* *See the Albion's Remarks, fol.* 28.

36. Morning and Reindeer Hunters, *Gude.*

37. Norwegian Mountain Cottage, with Cattle, *Gude.*

38. Italian Scenery, with Fisherman, *Oswald Achenbach.*

(Brother of Andreas Achenbach.)

39. Italian Scenery, Sunset, *Oswald Achenbach.*

40. Norwegian Winter Landscape, *Sall.*

41. Storm in Autumn, with a Stag Hunt, *Lange.*

"A Storm in Autumn, with a Stag Hunt," by Lange, is another very successful and pleasing picture. The artist has conveyed the impression of a hot, damp wind, with the happiest effect. The low, thin clouds, are well painted, and in good keeping with the subject. —*Cour. and Enq.*

42. Autumnal Storm, *Schirmer.*

43. Summer Scenery on the Neers, with Fish-pond, *Schirmer.*

44. Winter Scenery in the Netherlands, *Hilgers.*

45. People Shipwrecked, Scenery in Normandy, *Miss Bauman.*

46. The First Frost, *De Leuw.*

47. The City Hall of Ghent, Inauguration of a Burgomaster in the time of the Spaniards, *Pulian.*

This artist is eminent for architectural paintings, and has probably no equal in Europe. The figures are by Carl Clasen.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY has been re-arranged and seventeen new pictures added. Some of the works which were hung out of sight have now been placed within view of the visitor. Among these, we notice, with pleasure, the large architectural piece by Pulian, which will well repay the close inspection of it, which is now made possible. The additions are chiefly landscapes. Of the compositions in figure, we were much pleased with "Henry VIII and Anna Boleyn," by Leutze, which, although not so remarkable in point of expression as several of his other works, is extremely agreeable in color and the clearness and brilliancy of its effect of light. The monarch sits upon a raised platform in an oriel window, the lady being at his feet. The light streams in a broad mass upon the figures, throwing the colors of the armorial designs in the stained glass upon the wainscoting beyond.—*American Art-Union Bulletin.*

48. Malvolio—a Sketch, *Schrodter.*

49. The Incantation of a Norwegian Soothsayer upon a Sick Child, *Tidemand.*

50. Henry VIII and Anna Boleyn, *Leutze.*

51. A Father's Farewell Blessing, *Schrader.*

52. Children Expecting the Pilot, their Father, *Schrader.*

53. The Bride Adorning Herself, *Boser.*

54. The Police Hour, *Hasenclever.*

55. Life in the Cellar, *Hasenclever.*

The figure on the right, with a cigar, is a portrait of the Artist.

56. The Pious Singing Virgins, *Koehler.*

57. The Poacher's Death; a story of the Game Laws of Germany, and a painting of powerful expression, *Hubner.*

58. The Lovers' Quarrel, *Hubner.*

59. The settled Lawsuit, or a Wine-growing Peasant and his Pettifogging Lawyer, *Hubner.*

60. Tyroleans at a Well, with Cattle, *Canton.*

61. Tyroleans Travelling, *Canton.*

62. Napoleon's White Horse taken by the Prussians after the Battle of Waterloo; painted after life, *Meister.*

63. The King Tiger, painted after life, *Lachenwitz.*

65. Hilas, *Steinfurth.*

66. The Loving Mother, *Eybe.*

67. The Lute Player, *Miss Bauman*

68. Trees after Rain, *Hulser.*

69. Winter Landscape, with a Dead Horse, *Lange.*

70. Mountain Scenery, *Klein.*

71. A Jackass and Sheep, *Osterhut.*

79. Dutch Chateau on a Swamp, *Hilgers.*

80. The Puritan and his Daughter, *Leutze.*

81. The Obstructed Well, *Hubner.*

82. The Wood Stealer, *Hubner.*

84. Surprise by Cossacks, *Sonderland.*

There are many other pictures of merit which we cannot notice particularly. "The Flower Girl," by Boser, is charming in expression "A Surprise by Cossacks," by Sonderland, is full of genuine confusion, which is not easily put in a picture. "Henry VIII and Anna Boleyn," by Leutze, is a beautiful bit of coloring,—which

may always be expected from this artist. Nor can we pass Hilger's "Winter Scenery in the Netherlands," without a word of commendation. It deserves more.—*Cour. and Enq.*

85. Too Late for the Mail Coach, *Sonderland.*

86. Northern Mountain Landscape, *Dahl.*

89. A Serenade in Venice, *Wodick.*

90. Landscape, with Sheep, *Scheuren.*

91. A Castle Invaded by Puritans in the time of Charles I, *Camphausen.*

There was another fine picture, of smaller size, admirable as a composition, and full of life-like and startling contrasts, presenting a scene in the civil war of Charles I, of England, at the moment of the capture of a Cavalier's stronghold by the Roundheads. There is history and character in every personage, in every accessory, even in the days introduced into this picture. It is a study for a day.—*Cour. and Enq.*

92. Morning Landscape in the Tyrolese Mountains, *A. Schulten.*

93. Scenery of Wendelstein, in the Bavarian Highlands, *A. Schulten.*

94. Scenery of Salzburg, in Tyrol, *Pose.*

95. Scenery of Obersee, in Tyrol, *Pose.*

96. Landscape, with Architecture, *Pulian.*

97. Landscape, *Leu.*

98. Rudolph of Habsburgh, while Hunting, doing homage to a Priest carrying the Sacrament—from Schiller's Poem, "Rudolph of Habsburg," *Carl Clasen.*

99. The Flower Girl, *Boser.*

100. Vase, Fruit and Flowers, *Van Oss.*

101. Landscape, *Lessing.*

See remarks to No. 109.

102. Wounded Prisoners Escorted by Puritans, in the time of Charles I, *Camphausen.*

103. The Poor Weavers of Silesia and their employers, *Hubner.*

104. Norwegian Alpine Scenery, *Leu.*

105. The Larger Examination of the Student, referred to in the remarks to Nos. 3, 4 and 5, *Hasenclever.*

106. Landscape, *Hengsbach.*

107. The Holy Child, *Andreas Muller.*

108. Magdalena, *Deger.*

109. Landscape, *Lessing.*

This landscape, as also No. 101, deserves to be looked at with attention, for Lessing is celebrated no less for his landscapes than for historical paintings. See Count Raczynski's remarks, folio 45, and the Courier's criticism, folio 37.

110. Germania, an Allegorical Painting, by *Koehler.*

The struggle of the German people in the year 1848, gave rise to this composition. Germania, the Goddess of Germany, sleeping on a bear's skin, is awakened by Justice, accompanied by Liberty, (the latter represented by a young girl,) when with her right hand she grasps the sword, and with her left lays hold of the Imperial crown, chasing away the demons of despotism and discord. Mr. Schadow, the Director of the Dusseldorf Academy, considers this painting to be one of the most masterly productions of this school, and does not believe that there exists an artist in Europe, capable of reaching the grand and noble style of painting of the old Venetian masters so thoroughly, as Koehler has done in this work. It was only just finished, when Mr. B. purchased it, and during the fortnight that it was exhibited at the Academy of Dusseldorf, it obtained general admiration.

The Dusseldorf Gallery.—This collection of paintings, from a school which has formed, and is forming, some of the ablest artists of the age, may, without doubt, be considered the most popular of the three or four which are open to our public. The pleasing nature of the subjects of the different works, and the general ability and

extreme fidelity with which they are painted, secure them a favorable attention which might be denied to productions of longer established reputation, but less interesting in their themes, and more ideal in their treatment Some time since we spoke at length of the merits of some of the prominent works in the collection, and have since noticed one or two pleasing additions to it; but there have been recently added nearly fifty works, many of which are of such excellence as to challenge, at least, passing remark. Of these, fifteen are oil paintings, and the others drawings. Among the latter, some are of admirable excellence, and hardly inferior in interest or skill to some of the best of the former. We especially commend to notice, No. 32, "Children's Bacchanals," by Mintrop, of which we hope to speak more particularly hereafter.

First among the new paintings is No. 110, "Germania," by Koehler. It is an allegorical representation of the struggles of Germany in 1848; but whether from the intrinsic interest of the subject, or the poetic power and mechanical skill of the artist, it wins far more favor than painted allegories usually do. At the risk of being charged with want of sympathy for the cause of liberty, we will say that we think the success of the work is owing entirely to the ability of the painter. A good cause, or even a bad one, may be aided by a great and stirring picture; but we do not believe that a bad picture was ever materially helped by the justness of the sentiment it embodied, or the excellence of the moral it conveyed. Art has within itself the only elements of success in Art. The world is full of the stupendous failures of those who thought they were painting great pictures or writing great poems, because they treated great subjects, when, in fact, the vast proportions of their themes could but pigmy their already dwarfish powers; and, on the other hand, a large number of the greatest creations of the pencil and the pen, works at which the world has for hundreds of years stood in wondering, loving admiration, have lowly themes and humble subjects. The inspired artist is the only true MIDAS, whatever he touches turns to gold; but his imitator, to whom the god has given no power, turns even gold to lead.

We are even inclined to pay Koehler the compliment of thinking that he has succeeded, in spite, rather than by reason of his subjects. Allegories are too stiff and formal in their proportions to give pleasure in themselves to us of this day; we have put them away along with the starched ruffs and rectangular pleasure grounds of two hundred and fifty years ago. But let us look at "Germania," simply as a picture, and we shall find that, as has been said of the allegory of the Faerie Queene, if we do not trouble it, it will not trouble us.

Germania is a female figure, of noble proportions, who is just roused from sleep by Justice and Liberty. She starts from the bear's skin on which she lay, and her right hand seizes the Imperial sword, and her left, the crown. Despotism and Discord flee affrighted from her face. The composition is simple and easy of comprehension, and the figures are marked with appropriate and distinctive character. The principal figure is grand indeed, both in form and expression. She is in the fulness of womanhood, and has more of the truly heroic in the mould of her face and figure, than we remember to have seen in any modern painting. Her head is particularly fine, the features are exceedingly well modelled and admirably expressive of the motive of the composition, which is the embodiment of the sentiments of outraged Justice and waking Freedom. One of the finest points in this figure, is the hand which grasps the sword. There is a world of energy and desperate determination in the clutch of its finely formed fingers. The drapery is exceedingly simple, and grand in effect; unlike that in too many of the Dusseldorf pictures, it is a drapery only, and not elaborately painted stuffs; it falls in noble and easy folds about the half risen figure. In color the work is good, very good, but we cannot forbear wishing that it had been painted with a little fuller, warmer pencil, and that the tone had been a little lower; the gray shadows and half-tints too, help this cold effect of color.

The secondary figures are finely treated—sufficiently prominent to have their full force in explaining and arousing sympathy with the sentiment of the composition, and not so much brought forward, or so elaborated as to divert attention from the principal idea. The face of Liberty is a happy conception, beautiful in itself, and doubly beautiful as the appropriate embodiment of a sentiment. Its nobility, its frankness, its purity and calm happiness, cannot be regarded without a thrill of delight in the heart of the beholder. Justice is almost equally truthful, and therefore not equally winning. The inflexible goddess cannot charm, but must be satisfied with the cold approval awarded by reason; she is an ungrateful subject even to a sculptor,—doubly so to a painter. Despotism and discord bear chains, with a torch, their appropriate emblems, and have their twisted and combined locks bound with serpents. They are sufficiently hideous to gratify the hatred of the most enthusiastic republican, of whatever color. We must admit "Germania" to be the best specimen of the highest style of Art in this admirable collection, perhaps the finest in the country; but still it is difficult for us to yield even to "high art" our preferences for such charming works as Hasenclever's "Students' Examination,"

Becker's "Reapers' Return," and Schrodter's "Falstaff and his Recruits." Of other fine additions to the collection, we shall speak hereafter.—*Cour. and Enq.*

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.—The attractions of this collection of excellent modern paintings seem ever fresh to the public; indeed we have never had a gallery here which for so long a time continued to command public attention, all others having been forgotten or neglected in the course of a few months, however successful they were at first. We have already noticed among the fifty additions which have lately been made here, the *Germania* of Koehler, a work of the first rank in form and composition, but there are others which are even more pleasing, although less grand in subject.

Among the landscapes, No. 109, by Lessing, must attract attention and win admiration, both for its intrinsic excellence and as being from the pencil of the acknowledged Prince of Dusseldorf Painters, whose greatest work will soon be exhibited here. This landscape is composed very simply. An undulating foreground is shut in by two huge rocky eminences, through a gap in which a level distance appears. The disposition of the rocks is so perfectly that of nature, and their texture is so well expressed, that it seems as if one could study geology among them. The distance is very charming, and soothes the eye which has rested long upon the rough foreground, that strives to shut out its quiet beauty. But the finest portion of the picture is the sky, which is filled with light clouds, whose position, form, color, and whose motions almost are expressed with great truth. In the foreground is an oak finely drawn and colored, but lacking atmosphere in its foliage. This, however, may be owing to its position in the composition, as it stands directly before one of the large masses of rock.

No. 111. *A Stag attacked by Wolves*, is an excellent picture; in form particularly good. The combined eagerness and cowardice of the wolves, is well expressed: in the Stag, however, we find not quite enough spirit, and too great an expression of pain. The snow storm is good, and enhances the effect of the scene. The picture gives us a higher idea of Lachenwitz's powers than his Tiger and his Parrot and Dog. We would gladly see more of his work.

No. 113, *A Landscape, the Konigs-See*, by Schulten, is remarkable for the expansive clearness and fluidity of the water. The shadows of the mountains are very fine indeed.

No. 120. *The Duke of Alba and the Countess Catharine of Rudolstadt.* While the Spanish leader was a guest in the castle of the Countess, his soldiers plundered her retainers. She, on hear-

ing of this violation of hospitality, armed her servants, and appearing before the Duke, said to him, "My poor people must have their own again, or, by Heaven! I will have princely blood for oxen's blood." This scene Volkhart has presented with a great deal of power. The Duke, in half armor, sits at the table, from which his attention has been called by the Countess, who, with her attendants around her, and her poor retainers at her feet, stands before him with her hand raised to heaven and a look of firm defiance in her face. A servant in full armor brings a dish to the Duke on one hand, while on the other a legal officer presents to him a pen, and a document for his signature. The composition is pleasing and tells the story well, and the expressions of the different personages are very appropriate. The costume of the picture is excellent: painted with all the care and exactness of the Dusseldorf school. But the Countess is too carefully dressed, or rather her robes are kept in too nice order; their stiff, prim look is obtrusively inconsistent with the motive of the composition.

No. 121. *Charles II flying after the Battle of Worcester.* Camphausen's best work here. The prince, accompanied by two attendants, is pushing his horse to the top of his speed. They turn to look upon the lost field and to see the rebel colors floating on the battlements behind them, but his gaze is bent upon the vacant space before him, into which he peers as if he would read there something of the future with which he is to cope. The setting sun casts a lurid light upon the scene, in fine keeping with its sentiment. The horses are admirably drawn—full of spirit, as all Camphausen's horses are.

The drawings in the collection form no insignificant part of it, and one of them is inferior to no work upon the wall. This is No. 32, *Children's Bacchanals*, by Mintrop. It is about four feet in length, and must contain twenty-five or thirty miniature figures. It has no story that we can discover, and is merely a scene of roystering, bacchanalian jollity. Thoroughly bacchanalian as it is, in spirit, however, it contains nothing gross or repulsive, but is a charming expression of the exuberant spirit of youth under the genial influence of the rosy god. Even one or two of the little figures who are fairly *hors de combat*, provoke nothing more than a smile in the spectator, and some of them who are carried off gloriously drunk, by others only one degree less glorious, must excite the unmitigated merriment of the severest censor. The pompous march of some of the little fellows to the evidently very drunken music which they wring from wry-necked fifes, is no less ludicrous. This composition, though apparently a series of dis-

connected groups, is still bound together by a unity of feeling, and unites in a charming manner the grotesque spirit of German art with a truly classical subject.

The drawing of the figures, which of course are naked, seems absolutely perfect, and their varied attitudes are as easy, as graceful, and as expressive, as it is possible to imagine. The history of the artist is somewhat remarkable. It is not long since he was an unknown peasant. Some of the Dusseldorfers, in their wanderings, stumbled upon him and the drawings which he had made with charcoal and such other rude materials as were within his reach. His talent—genius rather—was instantly recognised, and he was secured the opportunities of study at Dusseldorf;—the results are, such works as the one before us.

Among the drawings are several from the spirited pencil of the distinguished landscape painter, Achenbach. A Shipwreck, by Jordan, is very fine. Indeed no visitor should neglect this department of the Gallery, which is excellent in itself, and a novelty in our exhibitions.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

Fine Arts.—The Dusseldorf Gallery.—This most attractive lounge for all lovers of paintings has, within the last week, put on additional attractions. A small room has been opened, adjoining the large one, which, besides giving increased accommodation, has increased the ventilation for the spectators' comfort. Several important works have also been hung upon the walls; and to those we would direct the attention of our city readers, and the many who pay us a flying summer visit. The novelty of most pretension is "Germania, an allegorical painting," by Koehler. It is of colossal size, and of a very high order of merit, harmonious in coloring, spirited and correct in drawing, bold, striking and original. The principal female figure, Germania, is awakened by Justice and Liberty, and is in the act of laying her hand on a sword, whilst the demons of discord and despotism hastily beat their retreat. We happen to have a particular dislike to painted allegories, but must allow that this is one of rare excellence.

Lachenwitz has a large and vigorous animal painting, representing a jaded stag run down by wolves. It is a snow scene, and should be studied. No. 119 is an admirable landscape by Leu—a mountain region and a stormy sky, with clouds that literally seem to scud across the canvass. In general effect, No. 115, by Lindlar, much resembles it. No. 114, "Tasso reading his Jerusalem Delivered, before Alphonso II of Ferrara," is also a work, as the Catalogue truly remarks, that promises well for its very youthful

painter, Bewer. Though there is much stiffness in the principal figure, we must commend the grouping and the distribution of light and shade. No. 121, by Camphausen, is a very important addition. It represents the flight of Charles II after the battle of Worcester, and displays to great advantage the painter's undoubted talents. The figures and horses are few in number, and are more or less foreshortened. Save the pictorial license of representing horses with all their legs off the ground at once, in which artists will persist, the picture abounds in good points, and has a right to rank with historical, rather than with animal paintings. The gloomy abstraction of the youthful monarch, who seems to be looking forward rather to an uncertain future than to the road beneath his horse's feet, is well contrasted by the looks of his escort, whose attention is engrossed by the objects immediately about them. Even the young king's seat on his horse, whether intentionally or otherwise, is unlike that of the Cavaliers, and gives the impression that he would make a poor figure in cutting his way through obstacles. A great artist pays attention to these apparently minor matters.

The introduction of novelty has caused a shifting of place with many of our old favorites. Some gain by this, and none more than No. 94, a view of Salzburg, a golden landscape, deserving study on the part of those who set down coldness and a grey tone as invariable characteristics of the Dusseldorf School. This picture, together with "The Reapers" and "The Fairies," may serve to confute any such notion.—*Albion.*

111. A Stag attacked by Wolves, *Lachenwitz.*

112. Landscape, *Scheuren.*

113. Landscape representing a view on the Rhine, with Stoltzenfels, the Castle of the King of Prussia, *Scheuren.*

114. Torquato Tasso Reading his Poem, "Jerusalem Delivered," before the Court of Alphonso II, Duke of Ferrara, *Bewer.*

The principal persons in this painting, besides Tasso and the Duke, are behind the latter, his minister, Antonio; on the Duke's left, his two sisters, Lucretia and Leonora—the one sitting and the other standing behind her, leaning on her chair—and Cardinal Este, the brother of the Duke. The painting is one of the first efforts of this artist, and promises fairly for his future attempts.

115. Landscape, by *Lindlar.*

116. Italian Scenery, *Lorenz Clasen.*

117. Portrait of a Lady, *Koehler.*

The same artist who painted Germania.

118. Landscape, *Schulten.*

This picture represents the Konigs See (King's Lake), near Berchtesgaden, in Tyrol, near which, on a peninsula, the Chateau of St. Bartholomew, the summer residence of the King of Bavaria, is situated.

119. A Grand Northern Landscape, *Leu.*

120. The Duke of Alba and the Countess Catharine of Rudolstadt, *Volkhart.*

At the conclusion of the war between Charles V, and the Protestants of Germany, the Duke of Alba retreated through the small territory of the countess of Rudolstadt, to whom the Duke announced himself for a dejeuner. When the guests were seated, the Countess was informed that the Spanish soldiers were plundering her subjects and driving their cattle away. She immediately armed all her servants, and said to the Duke: "My poor people must have their own again, or, by heaven, I will have princely blood for oxen's blood!" The Duke of Alba ordered immediate restoration. This is the scene which Volkhart has painted.

121. Charles the II flying after the Battle of Worcester, *Camphausen.*

This painting was much admired at Dusseldorf, and by almost all the artists, judged to be superior to any of Camphausen's previous works.

122. Lessing's Great Historical Picture, "*Huss before the Stake,*" or "*The Martyrdom of Huss.*" For description, see page 44.

In placing Lessing's greatest work, and unquestionably one of the grandest productions of modern art, before the American public, it may create some surprise that it should have been permitted to find its way across the Atlantic,

The simple fact is, that Mr. Boker, who, during a residence of twenty years at Dusseldorf, has been well acquainted with Mr. Lessing, obtained his promise of a preference in the purchase of this picture already at the time of its commencement; and last spring, when it was nearly finished, they finally agreed upon the price. Thus Mr. B. became the possessor, whilst the picture was yet uncompleted in the artist's studio, and had not yet undergone the ordeal of public judgment, in which latter case, the chance of its becoming private property would undoubtedly have been lost. It was expressly stipulated with Mr. Lessing, that it should nowhere be exhibited except at Dusseldorf and during only five days that it was seen there, an advance of £1,200 stg' was already offered on the first price. The *Augsburg Gazette* writes from Dusseldorf:

"During the few days of public admission to Lessing's Huss, we have had one continual procession to the Academy, as well from our own city and environs, as also from other towns and places on the Rhine. Nothing was spoken of but this picture, and the manner how it was canvassed and how it was visited and seen, may with great propriety be called an artistical event. Lessing's full maturity must be ascribed to his clear and decided objective knowledge, and he is truly *the* painter of individualities; his figures are drawn and colored with the utmost perfection; the blood circulates—they live in complete and undisturbed vigor, and are distinguished by the greatest harmony in composition and representation. Still they are no portraits, but, on the contrary, they have been formed in his mind and appear on his canvass with an originality appertaining to Lessing alone, whose physiological conception is almost without a parallel in the fine arts. With regard to the composition as a whole, it may perhaps be said, that the catastrophe itself, the moment when Huss stood upon the stake, and the executioners were throwing their lighted torches upon it, would have been better adapted to express the passions in their diversified forms; but, at all events, it must be admitted that the persons, who constitute this composition, although their passions be not fully developed, have been called forth by a study, manly, deep, powerful and original, and for this very reason, the picture will make upon most beholders an impression far more serious and profound than if the burning act itself had been chosen for its scene.

"In singular contrast with these reflections, is the idea, that this stupendous work has not been preserved to our country, but is destined for another people's enjoyment and cultivation of the fine arts. The expatriation of such a monument of German talent and German application, must be sincerely regretted, and although endeavors to retain it are now no longer wanting, they all come too late, as the picture has finally passed into the possession of a private gentleman in New York. Prosaically speaking, any of our cities, and more particularly Berlin, the capital, might have derived material advantage from its acquisition."

Short Extract from the Life of Huss.

Johannes Huss, the pioneer of the Lutheran Reformation, was born in the year 1373, at Hussinecz, in Bohemia, from which place he derived his name. In 1389 he entered the University of Prague, and distinguished himself by application and a moral course of life. He acquired a thorough Theological education, for his time. In 1398 he commenced public Theological and Philosophical readings. In 1402 he became a preacher at Prague, and by his sermons obtained great influence upon the people, and also upon the students.

Soon afterwards, Queen Sophia, of Bohemia, nominated him her confessor, in which capacity he had access to the court. About this time, the writings of Wickliffe became known, and the truth with which this reformer laid open the abuses of the Catholic Church, became very obvious to Huss, who was well versed in the Bible; and he now stood up as the most determined herald of a Reformation which was to recall the degenerated Catholic faith to the simplicity and purity of original Christianity.

His daring frankness soon raised a powerful opposition against him, and by degrees his cause became the cause of nations, particularly of the Bohemians and Germans. Bohemia no longer acknowledged the authority of the Pope, and Huss found willing hearers when he called the mass, the confessional, fasting, &c., &c., inventions of ecclesiastical despotism and superstition. Pope Alexander V at last ordered Huss to appear at Rome, and as he did not follow, the Archbishop of Prague, Sbynko, undertook his immediate prosecution; Huss was forbidden to preach, but did not obey, and when the new Pope, John XXIII, again cited him to Rome, he appealed to a General Concilium. The Pope excommunicated him, and laid his interdict upon the city, as long as Huss remained therein. His adherents augmented, and as he had nothing more at heart than the propagation of truth, he joyfully accepted the invitation of the Concilium of Constance, and went to defend his faith before the Theologicians of the principal nations of Europe. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, guaranteed his personal safety, by letters patent, and after his arrival at Constance, on 4th November, 1414, Pope John promised him the same security. But, already, on 28th November, he was arrested after a private hearing before some Cardinals, in spite of the repeated earnest protestations of the Bohemian Nobles, who had accompanied him by order of King Winceslaus. At the public hearings on the 7th and 8th June, which took place in the presence of the German Emperor, his defence was not noticed, and an unconditional repeal of his heretical tenets demanded from him. But as Huss remained firm, he was, although he reminded the Emperor of his safeguard, condemned to death on 6th July, 1415, and burned alive on the same day, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine. Huss died uttering the celebrated exclamation: "O Sancta Simplicitas!"

Description of Lessing's Picture.

Upon a slight eminence in the neighborhood of the City of Constance, the steeples of which are seen, the stake is erected, and around a tree despoiled of its branches, large bundles of wood and straw are piled up. One of the executioners adds yet some wood, and three others stand ready to lay hold of the prisoner. The place of execution is surrounded by armed men, in the midst of whom the banner of Constance is raised. The executioners carry burning torches for lighting the stake, and quietly awaiting his time, one of them supports himself upon the long pole of the torch, whilst a third one, holding a rope for binding the prisoner, places his arms akimbo, and looks impatiently upon Huss, who, in the middle ground, at some little distance from the stake, has sunk upon his knees to pray. Full of faith and confidence, he looks towards heaven, the sun, breaking through light clouds, illuminating his countenance. In the act of kneeling down, the paper cap, upon which three devils are painted and inscribed, "Arch Heretic," has fallen off his head.

Armed citizens of Constance, of the lowest class, apparelled in divers costumes of the middle age, and provided partly with partisans and partly with swords, have followed the prisoner. The furthermost, dressed in the red and white colors of the town, has lifted the cap from the ground, and is in the act of replacing it upon the head of Huss ; another, leaning forward, his left hand on his knee, his right hand on his sword, stares scornfully at him from under his grey hat ; and a third, in a coat of mail, threatens the praying Huss with his clenched fist.

Whilst the prisoner and his escort have ascended the hill, the leaders have remained on the plain, and in the foreground appears on horseback, the staff of command in his hand, Duke Ludovic, of Bavaria, charged by the Emperor to superintend the execution. He turns half around to a Bishop, also on horseback ; and besides these personages, the figure of a Cardinal is seen at the end of the picture. Immediately behind this group, the banner of the Duke of Bavaria is carried by a young warrior. Between the horses of the Duke and Bishop, an old Franciscan Monk looks through his spectacles, full of curiosity, at Huss. Thus the whole right side of the picture, divided by the figure of the Martyr, in two parts, represents his opponents ; whereas the left is composed principally of his adherents ; and whilst among the former, rough vulgarity and hate predominate, sorrow and commiseration are expressed on the other side. At the head of this left group is a young girl looking compassionately at Huss. She keeps her rosary behind a rock, too shy to show her feelings. A Bohemian Noble, one of the knights who accompanied Huss to Constance, prays openly for him ; a Burgher of Constance, seems touched by some humanity, evinces, however, no special interest ; but a young woman near him, contemplates Huss, full of compassion. In the crowd are

yet observed the countenance of an old woman full of eager curiosity, that of a youth full of pity, a young girl, children, &c. A Trinitarian Monk in the foreground, does not express the deep sensibility of the Augustinian Monk behind him, who, bowed down, his hand pressed on his breast, looks before him. Near the stake stands a young Hungarian, also one of those who accompanied Huss to Constance. The figure of a Bohemian peasant, keeping his club with his clenched hand, under his arm, and frowning dark and stern upon the Duke of Bavaria, gives evidence of the passions which were roused in Bohemia by the execution of Huss, and by which one of the most bloody and cruel wars known in European History was kindled.

The splendidly executed landscape in the picture appears in the half light of an atmosphere, in part obscured by light clouds.

The following is an extract from the Bulletin of the American Art-Union of the 1st Sept., 1850 :

Art and Artists in Europe.

Lessing, the Artist.—We have several times mentioned a new painting by Lessing—*The Martyrdom of Huss*—which Mr. Boker has purchased for the Dusseldorf Gallery, in this city. We observe, by accounts in the newspapers, that this work is now finished, and has been exhibited for a short time in Germany, where it was considered by many to be the masterpiece of its author. Its arrival here will be an event of the highest interest in the world of Art, and will mark, more distinctly than any other which has yet occurred, the advance of our countrymen in taste and knowledge on this subject. We have thought that some notice of the distinguished genius who has produced this painting, would be acceptable at the present time, and have accordingly translated from Count Raczynski's "Histoire de l'Art Moderne en Allemagne," a few observations respecting him :—

"The first work which announced the new era that was opening for painting at Dusseldorf, was Lessing's *Mourning King and Queen*, (Le Couple Royal en deuil,) which was exhibited in Berlin, in 1830. Lessing is distinguished by a fortunate union of romanticism with correctness and severity of style, by a sensibility which affection purifies without enfeebling, by an ardor which is always moderated by good sense and good taste, and, in fine, by the most exact harmony of noble and tender emotions, with profound thought. His talent is infinitely varied—sometimes he is the author of sombre ballads—sometimes you observe inspirations which recall the *Stanze* of Raphael—in other subjects, you find some resemblance to Robert. He has successfully attempted fresco painting at the country house of Count Spee—he has composed landscapes of all dimensions, and with a perfection which none of his contem-

poraries have surpassed. His *Brigand, with Landscape Scenery*, is a charming *genre* picture. In his *Couple Royal*, he rises, by the purity of style and the severity of attitudes and drawing, to a lofty height. This picture presents a fact of historical interest. Schadow served as the model for the head of the king. I have seen, at the engraver's, Ludritz's, at Berlin, the crayon study for which Schadow sat. How valuable will this drawing become one of these days! Whoever goes through Dusseldorf without seeing Lessing's drawings misses the best opportunity of properly studying this admirable genius, who bestows the highest honor on that rising school. These drawings give a better idea of his merit than the small number of oil pictures he has thus far (1836) painted. Besides, these pictures are dispersed. Among the crayon drawings of Lessing, I should place in the first rank, that of *Huss defending himself before his judges; The Fanatic preaching in a wood; the Death of Frederick II, Hohenstaufen*, two drawings representing *Walter and Hildegunde*, a subject taken from an old German poem. The *Huss* and the *Frederick II* characterize, above all the rest, Lessing's talents, and indicate the road which he should follow to gain unrivalled renown. The sphere best suited to his genius and his predispositions, seems to me to be traced by these two drawings, and by the picture of the *Couple Royal en deuil*. I shall pause at the *Huss* as presenting the larger and more important composition.

"Huss, placed in the centre of the hall, defends his cause before the united body of Cardinals and Bishops; he seems willing to obtain his pardon by dexterity rather than to grasp it by convincing his adversaries. His physiognomy is not among those which, by conventional contraction, express some emotion that the dictionary renders by a single word. Here is an undefinable strife of the passions—a soul sick and weary—fanaticism and doubt—fear and obstinacy. * * * * You are uncertain whether you should pity or condemn, for it is the tumult of the passions which gives to this countenance a sinister aspect. * * * * The Council produces a different impression. The judges are quite at their ease—equitable considerations seem to occupy them but little—still, they are attentive—they are good listeners—we predict that, free from apprehension and remorse, they will render a judgment of blood—sophistry does not offend them—they see its weak or pleasant side. * * * * Lessing shows no party spirit in this work; his design exhibits the influence neither of religious zeal nor of the passions. I have thought that I read in it factious fanaticism broken, and the unpitying injustice of an omnipotent tribunal. * * * * The repose of the attributes contrasts with the mental action and with the lively emotions that are painted upon the faces. Every physiognomy is conceived with much skill and depth of thought. Lessing's works do not haughtily pretend to impose upon us particular judgments or emotions. But they cause such to spring up, and force us to give ourselves up to them. They do not engrave, if I may so express myself, exclamation points upon the foreheads, in the open mouths and glis-

tening eyes. With Lessing, emotions take a language different from the academic manifestations, and their effect is surer. * * * * After having seen the productions of this artist, it is impossible not to be interested in the man. Lessing is a tall, fine-looking person. His blond hair, his subdued look, his delicate complexion, give a particular charm to his countenance. He has a timid air, distrustful, dreamy, melancholic. Sadness seems stamped upon his features, but his smile has much sweetness. He is not very communicative, and is even taciturn at times. He hears judgments rendered, opposed entirely to his own opinions, without taking sides. He remains silent—his cheeks color—his soul has received a shock, and the impression will not be transitory. Lessing is calm, only upon the surface. His attitude is not bold, but boldness in him does not lose its rights. Everything which he undertakes he does with ardor, and his animation is not confined to painting—it makes itself apparent, to the same degree, in all his actions. * * * * Everything in Lessing's position seems to presage happiness and renown. He is esteemed and cherished as a master—he is surrounded by the love and regard of all the artists of Dusseldorf. Many people see in Art no higher name than his, and I willingly avow myself of this opinion.

"Lessing was born at Wirtemberg, in Silesia, about the year 1808. He is grand-nephew of the great poet of the same name—the author of "Nathan, the Sage." His family are in easy circumstances, and his father fills a distinguished place in the magistracy. A younger brother has already gained distinction as a botanist. Lessing has a taste for field sports. Alone, with his gun upon his shoulder, he spends many a morning in the country. He is not always disposed for work: however, when he gives himself up to it, he is diligent and attentive. He is burdened with orders; and if he did not refuse many, he would have more than he could execute in his lifetime. In his relations to his colleagues, he exhibits the greatest kindness of heart, cheerfully assisting with his advice those who have recourse to him.

"The following are the principal works of Lessing:—*The Ruined Cemetery*, exhibited in 1828; a cartoon of the *Young Tobias* the same year; *The Mourning King and Queen* (das trauernde Koenigs—Paar); about the same time, the fresco at the chateau of Count Spee, representing the *Battle of Iconium*, with figures a little smaller than life; in 1832, *Leonore*, from Burger's poem, which picture belongs to the Prince Royal of Prussia—the figures one-third of life size; the same year, *The Brigand*. This belongs to the painter Sohn, and has been lithographed. Lessing made a duplicate of it for Frenkel, the banker of Berlin. He is occupied now (1836) in painting for the Prince Royal, *The Fanatic Preaching in a Wood*, a composition of great power in which the passions are more clearly indicated than in the *Huss;* but I do not know that the impression it produces is deeper.

"Lessing's landscapes are full of poetry; but I have no desire to see them on his canvass. Future ages will have good reason to complain of such an ap-

plication of his talent. The time of a master like Lessing, should be consecrated to greater things. The exhibition of 1834 was not sufficient to change my opinion. However, I must confess that while I am soon weary of seeing the landscapes of artists in general, I discover every day a new charm in those of Lessing. It must be that it is the secret—the mysterious thought—which forms their principal merit, for we cannot well explain what it is which so irresistibly attracts us.

"In these observations upon Lessing, I shall always believe that I have neither well nor fully expressed what I feel; and it seems to me, that what I omit is the very thing which may best characterize his immense talent—best make the reader comprehend how noble is the moral organization of this young Artist."

The above is taken from the first volume of Count Raczynski's work. In a third volume he mentions his visit to Dusseldorf in 1838, where he saw Lessing's *Ezzelino*, which, however, did not seem to make a favorable impression. He speaks in terms of high praise of *The Entry of the Crusaders into Jerusalem.* Since the last mentioned date, Lessing has painted many pictures of great merit, which we regret we have not the means to enumerate and describe. His latest production is the *Martyrdom of Huss*, the same reformer whose trial he designed with so much power, and which called forth the enthusiastic comments of the accomplished critic, whose language we have above in part attempted to translate.

The following critical remarks of the Press were made at the time, when Lessing's picture was opened :—

From the N. Y. Albion.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—The Dusseldorf Gallery offers, at this moment, a new claim to public notice, in addition to those works of sterling, merit which we have several times commended, and which we honestly believe have had a direct effect in stimulating and improving American artists, whilst forming a permanent source of pleasure for all amateurs in our midst, it may not be amiss to say a few words, as to the manner in which this, the greatest work of one of the first of modern artists, comes to be exhibited in New York.

Mr. Boker, of this city, to whom it belongs, resided for twenty years at Dusseldorf, and was on friendly terms with Lessing. Soon after the "Martyrdom of Huss" was commenced, it was agreed that he should become its possessor, and whilst still on the easel, the terms were arranged and the bargain was concluded. Some idea of its value may be formed from the fact that, though exhibited only five days at Dusseldorf, before its shipment at Rotter

dam, it drew crowds of curious admirers from all parts of Germany, and brought Mr. Boker the offer of $6,000 advance upon the price which he had paid for it. Delaroche's picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps" was not generally appreciated here; let us hope that more taste will be shown on the present occasion.

The event here treated on canvass is historical, and one of profound interest to Protestants. (By the way, what a pilgrimage to it would have been made lately in London, if chance had destined it to that city!) Lessing has, we think, shown much judgment, in *not* binding the illustrious Martyr to the stake, and in *not* giving us his agonies or ecstacies amid the flames. This climax is left to the spectator's own imagination; and the mind is probably more affected by the impending event, unseen, though palpably shadowed out, than it would have been by any attempt at realising it. But let us briefly describe what *is* before us. The centre of the picture, then, represents the crown of a slight eminence, on which the stake is seen prepared, with its ghastly appurtenances of faggots and executioners. Not far from it, but nearer to the eye, John Huss is on his knees, uttering apparently his last prayer, with a countenance alike expressive of the earnestness of his faith and of his reliance on divine support. Clustered about him are some of the brutalized citizens of Constance who abetted his execution, one of whom is in the act of replacing on Huss's head that fatal cap, with its symbolical devils and devilish inscription, which heretics, when executed, were doomed to wear. On the right are grouped the Duke of Bavaria, presiding over the execution, a Cardinal, a Bishop, and other persons of their suites, mostly on horseback. Opposite to these, and beneath the brow of the eminence which is here abrupt, is seen a numerous assemblage of figures, differing in age, sex, and condition, and consisting of those who may be supposed to have shared the tenets of Huss, or at least to be either grieved or indignant at his approaching fate. The whole, therefore, may be said to contain four groups, the extremes being respectively filled by the partisans of the Romish Church and of the Protestants, forming two of these groups, and brought into the extreme foreground—whilst a little more remote and forming the two centre groups, are the Martyr and his persecutors at one side, and on the other the attendants at the stake, awaiting their prey. Behind all are armed men, and a glimpse at the town of Constance. For the sake of distant readers we thus recapitulate. The dimensions of the canvass are about eighteen feet by thirteen.

We must record in few words our sense of the extraordinary merits of this picture. Taken as a whole or in detail, it equally challenges examination, and conveys an immediate sense of its power, its truth, and its beauty; indeed, in evenness of excellence, we should be at a loss to find its parallel. The grouping we have described—the drawing is admirably correct, (as it almost invariably is amongst these studious, persevering men of Dusseldorf,)—the coloring is grave, as befits the scene, but harmonious withal—the attitudes of

the many figures are picturesque, and varied in an unusual degree—and if Horace Vernet or Landseer might have surpassed Lessing in the forehand of the Duke's horse, which is very prominent, neither of these equestrian artists could have seated the rider more naturally, or have given us a choicer bit of their skill than may be noticed in the foreshortened horse of the Bishop and the attitude of the dignitary himself.

But we cannot devote space to point out the many beauties of this great work, which appears to us to be the very triumph of the modern school of art. "The Old Masters"—of the Italian school especially—in their master-pieces, run fairly away from the moderns, in sublimity, ideality, and imagination. They painted for the few congenial spirits who had access to their works, or who appreciated and rewarded their skill. The artists of our day paint for a constantly increasing public, in whose eyes truthfulness is the alpha and omega of art. Perhaps the old school was too ideal—perhaps the modern school is too material. At least, Lessing's "Martyrdom of John Huss" requires no connoisseurship to appreciate its charms, no high-flown imagination to comprehend its force. We look at it, and are at once impressed. In some such manner we fancy that we might be impressed by a description of the same scene from Macaulay's pen—if Macaulay were to lay himself out, and work it up into a written picture.

It is said that the Custom House authorities have practically abandoned their claim for duty on this imported work of art.

From the Literary World.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—Mr. Boker's Gallery of the Dusseldorf Academy, has re-opened with the addition of the great Painting by Lessing, of the Martyrdom of Huss. When we consider the distinguished European rank of this artist, his position in Germany, the peculiar selection of this subject, which combines the finest studies with long cherished associations of the artist, and that, with the exception of a very brief public view at Dusseldorf, this is the first exhibition of a most important production in the history of modern art; we may certainly congratulate New York on the compliment to its tastes in the present possession of this work. Some time since, our citizens had the first opportunity of looking upon an important original painting by Delaroche, a duplicate of which is just now engaging the attention of the Londoners. These are novel facts, of less consequence, undoubtedly, than our own achievements in art, but they still bear a due proportion to the latter—the taste to appreciate implying in a certain degree the power to execute. To Mr. Boker's personal zeal in behalf of art, and to his acquaintance with M. Lessing, we are indebted for this privilege. The opening exhibition was held on Tuesday evening of last week, to which a select circle of the Press and gentlemen immediately connected with art were invited.

The painting exhibits that moment of the memorable historic scene of the city of Constance, when Huss, the pure-minded martyr, approaches the place of execution. A stake is erected on a hill which Huss has already ascended, and where he has fallen on his knees praying. Attired in a simple black gown he is looking heavenward, his countenance withdrawn from any immediate impressions of the scene in an expression of angelic trust and repose. The attitude is natural, the whole look full of simplicity; the purest spirit of Protestantism, calm reliance, the clear outlook of faith. There seems nothing extraordinary in the conduct of the man; he goes calmly to death as to slumber. Even so historians tell us Huss yielded up his spirit. This quality of naturalness runs through the whole composition, in the grouping, the detail, the individual character. It is the finished result of a thorough mastery of art, and a fusion of the historical and individual elements in the one prevailing tone of the piece. The effect is that of utter harmony. As the spectator looks from one figure to another, there are no awkward intervals to supply, or forced contrasts to get over: the gradation is skilful and proportionate. Each figure has its appropriate place, its relative importance. The immediate action is represented by one of the throng replacing from above, the paper cap painted with devils, which has fallen from the head of the martyr, and by the ghastly presence of the two executioners on either side of the stake, who in the smoke assume a supernatural impish appearance, the more as they are dwarfed by the necessities of the picture. We feel that these figures could have been dispensed with, and that they were better away. They distract the attention, and are at variance with the literalness everywhere predominant. The paper cap seems to us an intrusion—as the longer we look at the picture, the more we fasten upon its biographical, rather than its historical interest. It is Huss whom we see, in ineffable purity and pathos, and Huss alone. The rest, like ourselves, are but spectators—and they stand out as clearly to view. On our right are the treacherous Catholic party, the politicians of Church and State, and the abettors of Rome. We see in them, for the most part, curiosity or indifference,—a cruelty which is a matter of course business of life, for an heretical occasion of this kind. On the other side of the picture the scene is softened by a young girl bending towards Huss. A nobleman, a burgher, age and youth give dignity to the crowd, while a wild revolutionary reformer presages the Bohemian wars to come. The grouping here, as throughout, is artistic. The foremost of the secondary figures is the Duke Ludovic, of Bavaria, on horseback, the superintendent of the execution, who turns to a bishop, also on horseback. The horse and his rider are in bold relief. The accessories of banners, the spires of the town, and the clouded sky over the whole, are delicately managed. In the color, which partakes of the prevailing atmosphere of German art, in the separation of strong passion from the scene, and in the absence of deeply individualized portraits, we note the differences between the modern and the old school of Italy. This stirs feeling, but those appeal more nearly to the life. The test of the two is the increase

of knowledge and admiration which the study of the Old Masters brings along with it, as compared with the immediate and entire impression of the whole in this picture. There is no room left for the imagination beyond. We do not grow up into it as into the Titians and Raphaels. It tells its story well, the judgment approves, the taste responds; but it is not the great style of art, in which not merely a particular phase of character is represented, good for that occasion, like the groupings on the stage, but humanity itself in the individual, with its story behind and its tale to come, sits for the picture.

From the Home Journal.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—In owing to one individual the bringing of this picture over the water, we owe no trifling debt, as a nation eager to overtake other nations in acquaintance with the Arts. The Dusseldorf Gallery, which we owe to Mr. Boker, was a long stride in the American chase after knowledge. Lessing's picture, which is now on exhibition, is a grand and new field of study for artists and lovers of the Arts, and none who care to know what painting is, in its highest sense, can lose the opportunity of becoming possessed with all its spirit and influence, by frequent and studious visits. We shall take the time to write of this glorious picture with the leisure and care which it properly demands. At present, we stop with commending it to every one's admiring frequentation.

From the Evening Post.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—Last evening Mr. Boker invited his friends and many connoisseurs of the city, to a private view of Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss, which now constitutes one of the collection called the Dusseldorf Gallery. The general feeling, on the first look at it, was surprise at the masterly treatment of the subject, and the superlative beauty of the execution. The pile at which the victim is to meet his fate, is judiciously placed in the obscurity of the back-ground, where the grim guards stand with the lighted torches, for the roasting of a man, even though he be a martyr, is, notwithstanding Titian's St. Lawrence on a gridiron, and other eminent examples, an affair in which horror overpowers every other emotion. The death which Huss is to die, appears only in shadowy, though certain prospect. He is represented in an attitude of religious supplication, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised to heaven in hope and serene confidence. Behind him is a group of men bearing halberds and other arms, in which the artist, by the skilful disposition of the figures and the variety of their garb and personal appearance, has contrived to give the idea of a vast multitude. One of these

figures is in the act of placing, on the head of Huss, the cap appointed to be worn by those who, in those times, were sentenced to the stake. On the right in the foreground, is a group of those who direct the execution, persons bearing civil and ecclesiastical offices—whose countenances express only cold severity, or indifference, or curiosity. On the left is another group, in which sympathy with the victim is manifested in various degrees and forms. The drawing is admirable, the expression unexaggerated, the finish wonderfully perfect, and the coloring agreeable, but subdued to a grave sobriety, well suited to the solemnity of the subject. The picture is the work of a man of genius, who has mastered all the resources of art.

From the New York Independent.

The Martyrdom of Huss.—A little more than four hundred years have rolled away since the forerunner of the Reformation in Germany was burnt at the stake, near the beautiful city of Constance, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine. Now, at the seat of art endowed by royal patronage, on the banks of that same Rhine, the great historical painter of Germany reproduces that scene of martyrdom, and the citizens of Dusseldorf, and of many a neighboring town and village, in one continual procession, crowd to the academy to gaze upon the Bohemian hero, whom the artist has imaged forth in the majesty of the Christian faith. Dukes, nobles, bishops, knights, monks, soldiers and executioners, all seem alike insignificant and execrable in presence of the noble form that kneels in sight of the stake, and calmly looks to heaven for succor. This great painting—which European critics have pronounced Lessing's master-piece—is now on exhibition at the *Dusseldorf Gallery* in this city. It was procured for this gallery by the personal influence and enterprise of the proprietor, Mr. Boker, a gentleman who is devoting his fortune to the cultivation of art in his adopted country. This is, perhaps, the greatest work of art ever exhibited in the United States. The German press lamented that such a monument of native talent should be expatriated. It is in itself a history, more powerful in its testimony against Rome than volumes of learned argument. By avoiding the horror of the final catastrophe, the artist has heightened the moral effect. Had he represented Huss already in the flames, the impression might have been revolting; now the picture invites to study, and the spectator carries out the scene to its sad conclusion.

Upon a hill to the left, the stake is seen piled with wood and straw for the sacrifice. There stand the executioners, like fiends of darkness in the gleam of their torches. On the right is the pompous procession of dukes, cardinals and bishops, who have halted to view the execution from a distance, while the prisoner and his escort of rough soldiers are ascending the hill. Midway up the eminence, and directly facing the stake, Huss is kneeling in prayer, his serene countenance contrasting finely with the contempt and hatred visible

in the princes and ecclesiastics, and the fierce and diabolical expression of the rabble soldiery. In the foreground, on the left, is a little company of the followers of Huss, whose countenances are marked with sorrow and commiseration, while here and there one seems ready to revenge the martyr's death. It is a scene to be studied. The perfection of drawing and coloring, the completeness of outline, and the minuteness of detail, grow upon the vision by repeated inspection. But it is not till by frequent visits one has mastered the conception of the painter, and begun to lose the picture in the reality, that the full moral impression of the scene can be felt. Then the soul will rise on that martyr's prayer, and feel itself nerved for that martyr's death. Then joy and gratitude will swell the heart that the martyr-fires of other generations have made this, our time, radiant with the light of the gospel.

We commend this great work alike to the artist and to the Christian. The proprietor does not seek emolument from its exhibition. He has conferred a favor on the public by procuring such a master-piece for their inspection. His efforts for the advance of art should find an appreciation which shall at least compensate for the griping exactions of the custom house. But this painting, procured at such a cost, is not the only attraction of the Dusseldorf Gallery. Germania, Desdemona, the Reapers, the Flower Girl, the Fairies, the Magi, the Weavers of Silesia, and many other pieces of exquisite beauty still adorn its walls. The refining influence of such a gallery is inestimable. One stints his soul, who suffers business-cares or social pleasures to debar him from its soft and hallowed atmosphere.

From the Bulletin of the American Art Union.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—The exhibition of this picture is the most important event that has occurred in our little Art-world, since the publication of the last regular number of the Bulletin. We have been somewhat amused to observe the manner in which it has been received by some of the artists, and those journalists who express their views. The artists admired it at the opening of the exhibition, and did not hesitate to say so in a more decided manner than they usually adopt respecting foreign pictures which are brought to New York. By degrees, however, they seemed to change their minds, and to think it was not so great a work after all.

A journal, which, in its observations upon such matters, is generally judicious and intelligent, spoke of this picture at first as "one of the finest of all contemporary works of art;" while in a second criticism, at no great interval of time, it characterized it as a genre picture, in which Lessing had "resorted for success to mere *savoir faire*, technical knowledge, and manual dexterity, no doubt from a consciousness of his inability to depict the *morale* of the subject by the representation of human passion and character." The public, meanwhile,—not the public which believes that the highest object of Art is

imitation, and its most successful achievement the painting of the counterfeit hammer on the old Museum staircase,—but the cultivated and enlightened public which values works of Art for the ideas they embody, is greatly moved and affected by the calm grandeur of this picture. We confess we are among those who are thus influenced, and we think we see a great deal more in it than the representation of mere externalities. We fully believe that the various characters of the persons introduced, and the mode in which the scene that was supposed to be passing before their eyes would influence each one, occupied Lessing's attention vastly more than the technical parts.

That these different emotions and passions are distinctly shown, while at the same time, they are not made violent or obtrusive, is to us a striking proof, both of his genius as an artist, and his wisdom as a student of human nature. Is it not true that the feelings of the spectators of that sad procession to the stake, are perfectly well discriminated? It seems to us that what is passing in their minds is as clearly revealed as if we had interrogated each one of them. We read in unmistakable language, the haughty indifference of the prelates, the vulgar curiosity of the Franciscan friar, Duke Ludovic's love of parade, the partisan fury of the burghers, the brutal ferocity of the executioners, the Bohemian noble's affectionate veneration for his master, the detestation of tyranny that tightens the frowning rustic's grasp of his club, the tremulous sympathy of the woman who is telling her beads, and the passage of divine truth into the heart of the monk, who stands with his head bowed upon his breast, as if it were bent thus by the first breath of that mighty wind, which later, in the days of Luther, should shake Europe to its centre. At the same time, these various emotions are not represented by violent gestures or contorted features, and this, as we have said, shows Lessing's accurate study of human nature. We must remember that this martyrdom is but the consummation of a purpose that must have been fully understood some time before. The treachery and cruelty of Huss's enemies were not then for the first time announced to the people. This burning at the stake was to have been expected after his arrest some months previously, and the Emperor's violation of his plighted word. The indignation of the people, therefore, instead of exhibiting itself in an outburst of fury, would naturally have appeared in the deep stern silence in which Lessing has represented it, and which to us, is far more impressive and solemn than the greatest intensity of dramatic action. We know not how it is with others, but the awful stillness which seems to pervade this scene, and is only disturbed by the movement of the wretch who places the cap of mockery on the head of the victim, brings before our minds the horror of the martyrdom, and the glory of the martyr, more vividly than could have been done by the most highly wrought display of passion.

It is true that Lessing has treated all this with wonderful technical skill. The balance of the groups—the individual forms—the contrast and harmony of colors—the reflected lights—the minutest truths of Chiaroscuro united with

the greatest breadth of general effect; all these qualities extort praise from his most exacting critics. But it does not follow that, simply because he is so successful in technical matters, he must, therefore, have expended upon them all his thought and study, and neglected the intellectual conception of the event. His great practice may have given such dexterity to his hand, and precision to his eye, that the attainment of this particular excellence was not to him a very difficult matter. We fear that some of those who thus criticise him, infer his exclusive and laborious attention to these technical points, from a knowledge of how much toil and thought any approach to his excellence would cost *them*. They are so taken up with his skill in the rendering of textures and materials, that they have no eyes for anything beyond these matters. They bestow all their observation upon these points, and neglect his general conception of the event. On the other hand, to the common spectator, all this dexterity seems a matter of course. Everything looks so simple and natural to such a person, that he never thinks of inquiring how it is done, but goes straight forward to the passions and emotions—the act and the actors represented. All these technical excellencies make the canvass look so much the less like a painting, to his eyes. He forgets the vehicle—the brushes and the paint-pots, and remembers nothing but Huss, his friends and his enemies. If this be a merit of a work of art, that it throws into the soul a direct and powerful realization of the idea sought to be represented, without reminding it of the means by which this effect is produced, or the personal peculiarities of its author, then is the *Huss* a great picture, for such, we believe, is the mode in which it influences a majority of its most intelligent spectators.

A great deal has been written upon the necessity of generalization in the treatment of historical subjects, and of avoiding minute and careful imitation in the rendering of mere externalities. It is certainly true that the ideal conception of the work is the chief point to be regarded. The safe rule seems to be to shun all such particular and minute imitations as weaken the force of the dominant idea. But modern artists have greater liberties than those of ancient times in this respect. In the first place, those symbols and conventionalisms have gone out of use, which, in the earlier ages, greatly assisted painters in conveying their thoughts. For instance, the portion of a broken wheel, beside the figure of St. Catherine, conveyed a sufficient notion of the martyrdom of that saint, and enabled the artist to devote himself entirely to the expression of the countenance. Such a symbol would be much less significant now. It must be remembered also, that a modern painter has a body of spectators much more instructed in the details of ancient life and manners than were the people who criticised Raphael and Michæl Angelo.

That exactness in details which would have seemed pedantic and trivial to spectators in their time, is perfectly familiar to us, and we should be more disturbed by its absence than its introduction into a piece. That ignorance of historical facts which permitted the Dutch to look with delight and edifica-

tion upon Rembrandt's representation of Scriptural personages in Turkish costumes, and a display of the actors in the most affecting scenes in the life of the Saviour, dressed in full breeches, with tobacco pipes twisted in their hatbands, has been succeeded by a most careful and exact knowledge upon these points. And so it is with the minutiæ of life in the middle ages. The multiplication of books and prints has made us almost as familiar with the costume and equipments of that day as of our own. We see nothing quaint or overworked, therefore, in the details of Lessing's picture; nothing, which, in our opinion, detracts from the grandeur and pathos of the main idea.

In these observations upon the *Martyrdom of Huss*, we have no intention of applying to it the extravagant praise which we understand some persons have ascribed to it. To speak of it as the best picture in the world is manifestly absurd. Mr. Lessing, we presume, would be himself greatly offended at such preposterous praise. Without drawing any comparisons between it and other works, we will be content to say for the present, that it is a most admirable production; that we feel deeply grateful to the distinguished artist for the delight we have experienced in studying it, and that, if we should ever attempt to criticise it, it would be with the greatest diffidence on our own part, and a profound respect for Mr. Lessing's genius and professional learning.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss.—This noble picture was exhibited on Tuesday evening to a party of eminent artists and literary men, preparatory to the public exhibition which commenced Thursday morning. There was but one feeling in the minds of all present, and that was of the extremest delight, not only in the commanding worth of the picture, but in the fact that we have now in America one of the finest of all contemporary Works of Art; for Lessing ranks among the first of Modern Artists, as the German School stands very near the head of Modern Art. He shares the palm with Kaulbach in Germany—whose most striking difference from Lessing is a more daring and poetic imagination.

Of the present picture we can scarce do more than indicate the value. Description we leave aside, for it is something all must see and study. It represents the martyrdom of John Huss, the famed early German Reformer, and the artist seizes the moment when the victim kneels for the last time, and a grim fanatic is just holding the cap over his head, which shall shut the sun from his eyes forever.

The picture is finely balanced. The group upon the right is composed of the foes of the Martyr, represented in the figures of a Duke, a Cardinal, a Friar, and the fanatical crowd. That on the left is a mass of Bohemian peasants, including one or two Priests—one of whom, with bent head, clearly

meditates if this sacrifice be altogether of sweet savor to the Lord. In the depth of the picture is the Stake, surrounded by executioners, in whom human sympathy is quite extinguished, and who await their turn with the consequential composure of scene-shifters at the wing.

The composition of this work is most thoroughly digested and artistic. Although the scene is full of tragical suggestions, the eye is constantly drawn to Huss, its centre, and is there refreshed and consoled. This is in kind the same artistic success as in Raphael's Transfiguration, in which the serene sweetness of Christ ceaselessly seduces the eye from the foreground of horror and disease. It is a success moreover, oftener sought than obtained, and in which the artist most surely approves himself a master.

The great success of the work is in this, that it produces in the spectator's mind the just impression of the scene; and we ascertain that from the group of Bohemian sympathisers, in whose wonderings, profound and perplexed sorrow, we find mirrored our own emotion, after a long and fascinated look into the tranquility of the picture. It has so far, too, the character of a classical work—that it is broad and composed and tender in the unity of its impression. Neither the eye nor the mind are distracted. The story is told simply and yet not barely. The emotions that wait upon the tale have their proper place, and no more than their proper prominence in the telling. But Lessing has achieved one success in this work greater than those of Delaroche and the French Artists, who are of a similar school. For, while the Frenchmen are content with an admirable representation of their incident, and punctiliously perfect the adjuncts and details, yet have no more in their pictures than existed in the words of the story, the Germans—thanks to their subtler imaginations and more catholic intellect—make the picture tell what the story implies, and so elevate it from being a mere illustration of History or Poetry into the dignity of a distinct work of Art.

Bnt we must pause in mid career; satisfied if we send our readers with greater desire to a rare enjoyment, and the more satisfied that we can promise them at no distant day, a careful and adequate review of the Dusseldorf Gallery.

The following is the commencement of the careful and accurate review, promised by the Tribune in the preceding article:

THE FINE ARTS.—*The Dusseldorf School—Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss*—We owe our readers an apology for the delay in fulfilling our promise of a critical examination of Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss, and the Dusseldorf School of Painting—a delay occasioned by the crowd of more imperative but not more congenial duties. In the meantime, we do not understand that the Dusseldorf exhibition or Lessing's picture have fallen off in popularity; and perhaps the great familiarity of the public with the subjects we are about to

discuss, may give to our somewhat tardy remarks a degree of usefulness to which they could not otherwise attain.

First a word as to the position of the Dusseldorf School in existing Art.

There are three distinct Schools of Painting in Europe—namely, the German, the French and the English. Each is marked by the social, political, religious and metaphysical characteristics of its nation.

English Art, after floundering through a period of a hundred years, and producing various kinds of painting, in Reynolds, Gainesborough, Moreland and Benjamin West, has finally developed a distinct, and, in some respects, an original school. As examples of originality, Constable, Landseer and Turner stand foremost, though fine talent has also been busily engaged in other directions than theirs—not, however, with an equal degree of originality, but always with skill and considerable success. The decided characteristics of this school are *rustic* and *rural*, as in the pictures of *genre*, from Gainsborough down to Collins, and in the landscapes of Turner, Constable, Copely, Fielding and others. At the present time, the English school is full of talent, brought out and developed mainly by the competition for the Royal commission to decorate the new House of Parliament. Prior to that commission, and since the death of West, the most distinguished painters of historic or epic composition, were Haydon, Mulready, Leslie, Eastlake, Etty and Maclise; but now there are some dozen young men whose works take rank in the higher walks of Art, and who are endowed with a sincere love of grand historic representation. We may confidently look for great things, within the next fifty years, from these artists and their successors in the English school.

While England has been painting out its rural sentiment, until she has just now commenced a new career, France has founded and matured a school whose characteristic traits result in a great measure from her social and political changes. We have not the space to enter into an exposition of French Art prior to the revolution of 1793. Suffice it to say, that previous artists, with few exceptions, had only pandered to the lewdness which was an essential element in the corrupt courts of French monarchs; and not, until, in political France, the words Virtue and Brotherhood were substituted for God and Faith, did those artists appear to whom she is now indebted for her great school. David was the bold and successful pioneer in heroic and classic Art in France. To him is due the honor of having rescued it from the degraded condition in which it had long been sunken. A genuine republican at heart, inspired by love of the ideal, seeing that gorgeous dream of liberty which for a moment seemed about to be realized, utterly dispelled, and only an infernal chaos remaining in its place, he naturally turned for subjects of his pencil to the classic histories of Greece and Rome. David's works and influence were the foundation of the school. Then came Gros, Leopold Robert, Gericault, Vernet, De la Roche, Ingres, Papety, Couture, Diaz, Troyons, Decamps, and others. At this day, if the French school is not generally recognised as foremost in Europe, it is undeniably the second, the German being first. We must

say, however, that the reasons for giving the palm to Germany, if carefully explained, might not be found altogether sufficient.

We have thus succinctly referred to the English and French schools, in order not only to *locate* them where they respectively belong, but because we may have occasion to refer to special works belonging to one or the other.

The German school is distinct and peculiar, first, for its metaphysical character, and then because it has no middle term, no medium range of character and treatment. It either deals in imitation of downright vulgar externality, or it soars away into the heaven of the ideal until it becomes divine. The great chiefs of ideal art in this school are Overbeck, Cornelius and Kaulbach. Overbeck leads the reproduction of the Christian or religious style, and adopts as his models the works of Pintirichio, Perugino, and Raphael. Cornelius is in another walk; he is one of the most successful followers of Michael Angelo, proof enough of his genius and claim to renown. Adopting the manner of that great master, he pursues his method of treatment in every essential particular, still preserving the originality of his own powerful mind. Midway, between these men stands Kaulbach, as it were the pivot and centre of the art of this age, having burst the trammels of conventional thought, and, from his own internal fire and force, moulded forms which breathe of the divinity of God and of the humanity of man, in the Jerusalem, the Huns, and the Babel, all monuments of immortal fame. Having accomplished all that the other two are capable of in their own ways, he has still in reserve his own idiosyncracy which stamps his works and leaves on the mind of their beholders the indisputable impression of original genius.

As every comet has its tail, these illustrious men have their host of followers. They are the ideal artists of Germany—the artists in whom the poetic and reflective elements of character predominate over the sensous and perceptive. Their works are the results of an incredible amount of artistic erudition; every symbol necessary to their perfection is fraught with meaning, and every figure towers from the beautiful into the sublime. Simple anecdote is not enough for them, though rendered with an epigrammatic power which may move you to laughter, perhaps to tears. It is not their aim to do either of these things. The apprehension of what is in their works is an intellectual operation. The perception necessary to appreciate mere form or color, pathos or wit, is baffled, and the unfortunate beholder inquires, perhaps fruitlessly, what it all means.

The other extreme of the German school is engaged in representing still life, landscape scenery, domestic and rural life, historical events, and so forth, but in a totally different spirit and manner. Here the artist, while employing such a combination of objects and forms as he judges fittest to convey his idea to the mind of the beholder, aims at the most exact imitation and the greatest possible identity with nature in respect of forms, local tints, textures and qualities, of every kind. And this strict and detailed exactness of imitation he deems necessary to the perfection of his composition.

The technical term used to distinguish this sort of painting is *genre*, a French word which literally signifies kind, *genus*. It is used as an adjective by artists in reference both to subjects and their mode of treatment. Any subject whose interest is local, or simply human, that is to say, not connected with any great historical event or principle, is *genre;* any treatment which attempts the perfectly literal reproduction of form, texture and quality, is *genre.*

Now, the school at Dusseldorf is before all others a *genre* school. Not that there are no exceptions to this remark. In Dusseldorf we meet with artists who choose subjects capable only of severe and classic treatment, but they are comparatively few. The Munich school is foremost in Germany in respect of ideal historic art. And as Kaulbach is pre-eminently its chief, so Lessing stands at the head of the *genre* school, at Dusseldorf. And now we are ready to examine the large work of the latter artist, whose title we have placed at the head of our observations; let us see what is the value of Lessing's *Martyrdom of Huss.*

While from instinctive judgment and common consent, it seems to be well determined that certain subjects shall be treated classically and ideally, the line of demarcation is not so nicely drawn as to designate clearly those which are capable of *genre* treatment only. Without presuming, then, to decide whether Lessing is here felicitous in the choice of his subject, or whether, having chosen it, he can be justified for treating it in a tame and common-place manner, we may state, that it has been received with some disappointment by many persons, artists and connoiseurs, whose judgment has been formed by long familiarity with Art, and a sincere enthusiasm for Nature. But in the throng who visit the "Dusseldorf Gallery" such critics are comparatively few, and there are many who regard this as the greatest picture they ever saw, notwithstanding they have seen the works of Signorelli, Raphael and Michael Angelo. Others even believe it to be not only the largest picture, but the only large picture ever painted; and we were not altogether surprised at overhearing, as we did some time since, a young lady of high fashion and distinguished name reply to the question, whether she visited the Dusseldorf collection of pictures, and how she liked them; "O yes! I go always twice a week, and often four times. They are the most beautiful paintings I ever saw; they are so elaborate and done so carefully. And then brother, who has been in Europe, says they would be very good even there. They are exceedingly well drawn and colored, particularly a fruit piece; and the leaves of some plants are very fine, and also a Holy Family; and then it's an excellent idea to have glass over them, it gives them the appearance of being so highly finished. I really find them exquisite, and the more I think of them, the more I am puzzled to understand how Mr. Dusseldorf ever found the time and patience to do them all so well."

Praise or blame on this polished model is alike easy; nor, were we disposed to find fault, should we err in saying: The left arm of the young nobleman

who leans with clasped hands upon the bank in the foreground, looks to be some six inches longer than the right one;—the attitude of the Duke is unmeaning; the horse is mean in character, stiff in position, and appears incapable of moving or breathing; the right hand of the capuchin monk is ugly in form and badly expressed; his feet also are not well executed; the executioners about the stake are not upon the proper plane to make them relatively so small as represented;—there must have been a great number of small fires or one very large one, to fill the whole picture so with smoke, and so on. But we leave this class of errors to those who have a penchant for exposing them. There are more than enough small good things in the picture to over-balance a thousand bad ones. For instance, in the group of Bohemian Hussites, the head and person of the Burgomaster and two or three other heads, are splendid studies from nature; the head and garb of the capuchin monk are finely rendered, while the man about to place the cap upon the martyr's head is cruel and almost grand. And so throughout the work there are portions that none but a finely organized imitative faculty could have produced. But these things are not now to our purpose. What we wish to inquire into is: Whether the artist has treated his subject from the highest point of intellectual conception compatible with the historic interest of the event.

Recurring to the life of this martyr, and particularly to the last stern scene of his heroic career, a conception of its various features naturally rises upon the imagination. The central figure is that of Huss himself. We behold him approaching the dreadful end of his life and labors, nerved and sustained by a faith which deprives death of every terror—so inspired by what he believes to be the divinest truth, that the features of his manly face are radiant with godlike courage, and the fibres of his perishable form defy all tortures that physical agents can inflict. He dies, too, not merely for truth, but for mankind; and in that hour he feels that his is the sympathy of the future, and the grateful recognition of coming generations, for whose liberties he is now about to make a last sacrifice. And thus he stands the type of all that is noble and vigorous in manhood, exalted by religious enthusiasm into divine rather than human proportions. Around him throng forms of hatred and affection, devilish eagerness and patient resignation, cruel delight and despairing sorrow, enemies guarding their enemy and friends attending their friend and teacher to the stake. As this scene depicts itself in the mind, we think little of mere external things. What affects us is human passion, human fate, human triumph. Beholding the peasants who have loved and believed and followed Huss, we do not curiously mark the rude quaintness of their costume; we see eyes red with tears of anguish—lips pale with pity—hands clasped in the agony of despair, whose pangs are keener than death. The executioner and officials of Church and State are there, but their velvets, and ermines, and plumed, and horses and trappings are not observed, so absorbedly does the mind gaze at the hateful exultation that glowers in the faces of some, and the thoughtful, hardened fanaticism that petrifies the hearts of others. But mainly we behold

the martyr—his eye glowing, and his step firm and noble. And over all is cast the hushed dread of almost breathless despair and expectation.

Such, we think, ought to be the scope and spirit of a picture representing the martyrdom of Huss. If the work is to be at all worthy of the subject, it must be made so by bringing out its spiritual and ideal characteristics. But such is not the treatment adopted by Mr. Lessing. Instead of it he has given prominence to the common-place in character, while his most careful efforts have been devoted to the imitation of mere external qualities of nature. This is apparent on the most cursory observation, if it be intelligent.

Apart from the characters, the grouping is methodically calculated; but while it betrays no particular want of invention, it discovers the absence of an earnest purpose in the artist's mind. Indeed, it hardly seems to have a better aim than to display his knowledge of certain technicalities of art. For instance, the Duke on horseback, who is quite as conspicuous as Huss himself, seems to be there mainly to show his costume; his head is turned over the left shoulder, as if he wished to exhibit the action of the muscles of the neck. The arms and hands are also arranged as if to prove how many different things their owner could do at once. The hands clasp the *baton* and bridle reins immovably, and, for some unknown reason, the horse wants the capacity of motion. Both the horse and rider appear not as having anything to do with the fate of the martyr, but as forms that might fill so much space on the canvass without being an anachronism. The cardinal and capuchin monk in this group are such literal studies from common nature as to seem caricatures of their classes. The figure representing the chief executioner is perhaps the most successful one in the picture, certainly the only one which has the expression of determined masculine character. There is a coarse ferocity in his movement which is finely conceived, and entirely appropriate. The menacing figure upon his left is too trivial for the dignity of the subject, and so meanly conceived as really to offend good taste. Mr. Lessing being a Protestant, of course has depicted those who represent the Church and the bigotry of the times with enough vulgarity and obesity to arouse contempt and disgust.

The left hand group of the picture has still less spirit in it than the right, and if that wants appropriateness of character and expression, this is still more deficient. The figures, with two or three exceptions, seem *poising* by the hour for the artist to paint the draperies. Their faces exhibit almost an utter want of emotion or a sombreness of expression that belongs to their temperament, and is in no wise increased or diminished by the event. Even the women have no beauty; nor is emotion, the only thing that could compensate for its absence, to be found. There are, however, occasional intimations of deep feeling, as if the artist felt vaguely in his own heart, what were its outward symbol in attitude and gesture. But whether this be so, or whether he is without the knowledge, is not easily decided. Still, one thing is sure; just when you hope to be brought into sympathy with the martyr, that which

allured you for an instant is outbalanced by something purely material, and your feeling and pleasure are dissipated. For example, in the foreground of the picture, belonging to the group of Hussites, though not with it, is the figure of a partially kneeling woman. Her back is towards you, so that the face is not seen; but there is a degree of intentness in the position which indicates an interest in the martyr, and you perceive that in the shadow of the rock before her she counts the beads of her rosary. Just as this act is about to identify her in your mind with the martyr, your eye is arrested by her high colored and prominent costume, and the sentiment which as an accessory, is not only beautiful but relevant, becomes lost in the representation of a red jacket and bluish green skirt. And so throughout the picture, wherever the artist essays to depict sentiment or emotion in features, gesture or position, he fails mainly through the intervention of some purely material object. More than anything else in the picture, the martyr himself is a failure in this respect, because he has the materiality of the whole picture to contend against. The character and expression of the face is that of an emasculated priest. It is wanting in both manliness and religious fervor. It wears the pallor of ill health, and though some may discover a divine enthusiasm in its expression, we confess our inability to perceive in it anything more or higher than the fanaticism of imbecility.

Thus much for the artist's conception of the subject. Considered mechanically as regards the composition, the work is strikingly defective. The law which decides whether a composition is good or bad, technically speaking, is that the incident once chosen, and the principal character decided upon, every accessory object introduced must heighten and in no case lessen the interest belonging to the chief actor. In the picture before us, the Duke, his horse, the cardinal, the capuchin with his bared head and sandaled feet, the kneeling woman, the young nobleman, the burgomaster, the shepherds, all remain more, much more vividly in the memory than Huss himself, and for the reason that they are all excellent, but inappropriate imitations of external nature, while the hero, being in the middle plane of the picture, is incapable of such literal treatment, and has not sufficient ideal force in his presence to outweigh these bald reproductions of mere externality.

We have spoken of the school which Mr. Boker's collection represents as a *genre* school. Lessing is at the head of it, and his *Martyrdom of Huss* is a *genre* picture of remarkable excellence. It is evident that the subject is not necessarily of that class, and consequently this is a *genre* picture, simply because the artist has made it such by his treatment. In it he has resorted for success to mere *savoir faire*, technical knowledge and manual dexterity, no doubt from a consciousness of his inability to depict the *morale* of the subject by the representation of human passion and character. And though Lessing is at the head of this school, he cannot be considered as first among living artists, even in his own line. In the bold and actual rendering of outward nature, Paul de la Roche is incomparably his superior, as witness the

Napoleon Crossing the Alps, while, for fearless execution of light and shadow, form and texture, Lessing cannot be named with Horace Vernet. And thus there would be no great difficulty in multiplying instances, from both the French and English schools, wherein this kind of treatment is found of higher excellence than in the work before us, but our limits forbid.

The disadvantages of this method of painting are, that the more literally every object is imitated, the more completely is the sense satisfied, and all means of appeal to the imagination destroyed. Still, even with this method, a sufficient interest may be excited for the heart if not for the imagination, by fine and appropriate delineation of human expression. And in a subject where no particular sympathy is appealed to, accurate imitation of satin, velvet, cloth, furs and other objects of still life, under varied effect of light and shade and color, may sometimes produce very pleasing sensations. However, when the subject is fraught with deep interest, not only in the history of its time, but in succeeding centuries, and the artist, failing to depict the dominant passions and emotions of the event, essays whether in fulfilment of his original design, or as a mere disguise for his failure, to satisfy the eye by literalness of imitation, his work cannot be considered as great or successful. There are in this collection several pictures superior to the Huss, for the reason that in it the mere execution is everywhere paramount to the nature and import of the event itself.

It was our intention to discuss in some detail the other works of this exhibition, but our limits are already exhausted, and we must reserve that part of the subject for another article, in which we shall also consider the good and bad effects of the Dusseldorf school upon artists and the public in general.

Upon this second article of the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post* of 15th Feb., 1851, had the following answer, which is introduced with these remarks:

Lessing's Picture.—On the first page of this paper, will be found an answer to a criticism which appeared lately in a morning paper, on Lessing's noble picture of the "Martyrdom of Huss." It was written by an intelligent and highly accomplished countryman of the painter, and translated for this paper.

Our readers will find it well worthy of perusal. It is full of knowledge of art, and of ingenious and often profound reflection upon the philosophy of art, and ably vindicates the school to which Lessing belongs, from the animadversions of those who would have a modern painting constructed on the essential principles of the French tragedies of the age of Louis XIV.

LESSING'S PICTURE OF THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.

To the Editors of the Evening Post.

In sending you the following for insertion in your paper, I take for granted that your interest for art is too general, and your regard for an art-loving pub-

lic, which has visited Lessing's "Martyrdom of Huss" with increasing delight, too great to allow you to refuse the publication of a defence against the negative criticism of this painting, which appeared in the *Tribune* of January 17th.

The first hasty glance at this criticism, agreeably surprised me; it seemed to enter more deeply into the nature of the thing, than is usually the case here in artistic reports. I found, however, on a close examination, that this depth was only an apparent one, and that the artistic knowledge employed, seems but a machinery, by means of which to disparage this picture in the estimation of the public. Had this criticism convinced me of the worthlessness of the picture, I should have remained silent, and regretted, for myself, that the thousands who have been edified by this painting, should have been led by this criticism, to doubt the truth of the first impression made by a work of art on an impartial mind, without having gained by this, anything for the improvement of their taste; and that, through this criticism, other thousands might be prevented from taking any notice of the work. But as the criticism, in my conviction, is a false one, I feel it to be my duty to pronounce my opinion publicly, and to make it good by the following:

The critic calls Lessing's painting "a *genre* picture," and, in conclusion, says: "that in it he has resorted for success to mere *savoir faire*, technical knowledge, and manual dexterity, no doubt from a consciousness of his inability to depict the *morale* of the subject by representation of human passion and character," etc. This assertion I pronounce false; and the proofs on which it relies are merely doctrinal, are laid down from a one-sided point of view. The accusation on the ground of doctrinal theory of art, would not be of so much consequence here, if the doctrine itself were not an *obsolete* one; a doctrine which has already been annulled by the modern philosophy of art, and what is still more important for the practice, by a succession of new developments of art. When a critic, from an antiquated point of view, draws only that into the limits of his judgment, which existed up to the time when this point of view was historically authorized, the judgment may still turn out a sensible one; but as soon as he goes further, and presumes to judge, from his obsolete point of view, works of the more modern, and even the newest developments, then chance alone can preserve his judgment from falsehood and injustice. Such a protecting chance, however, has not come to the aid of the depreciator of the "Martyrdom of Huss." He has judged falsely and unjustly.

But I must be more special in my accusation. The depreciator of Lessing's picture is wanting in thorough acquaintance with "existing art," of which he lays down some principles with a view to determine the position of the Dusseldorf school. Apart from his defective characterizing of several modern schools of painting, he says: "there are three distinct schools in Europe, viz: the German, the French, and the English;" thus naming the English school as an essential one, while even in what he says that it has accomplished, it is hardly worth mentioning. This, however, might be pardoned, if he had named and characterized as the fourth, the very important *modern Belgian school*—a

school in which the works of Wappers, Keyzer, Gallait, Van Roog, Bièfve, de Caisne, Geirnaert, etc., leave all the English painters of the modern school, as it is at present, and, perhaps, as he predicts that it will be in future, far behind them, and which are distinguished from the German, and still more from the French school, by original composition and excellent coloring. Is the critic not acquainted with this school? or was it difficult to give its works a place in *one* of the two doctrinal classes, into which he crowds such a variety? And even if I refrain from censuring him for not naming, besides the English school, also the Danish, (Eckersberg, Land, Hoyer, Muller, etc.,) the modern Dutch, (Krusemann, Eckhout, Braekleer, etc.,) and others, I cannot, as regards this bold decision, repress my surprise at finding so little thorough knowledge of the works of modern art.

The critic, in the course of his theoretical introduction, endeavors to bring to the depreciation of Lessing's picture, all the artistic productions of modern painting in Germany, under merely the two heads, "*genre*" and ideal art; and, in so doing, says of this German art: "It either deals in imitation of downright vulgar externality, or it soars away into the heaven of the ideal, until it becomes divine." Here he gives evidence to every one who has seen even a single one of the many exhibitions of paintings in Germany, that he knows nothing of the productions of the modern German schools, or has at least not beheld them with a practised eye, or even with the impartial eye of the initiated. For there are thousands of paintings of modern German art, which divide a one-sided classification of these works of art a thousand fold, as, among themselves, they form a succession of a thousand intermediate stages between the two doctrinal divisions of the critic, which he styles "*genre*" and "ideal art."

For a better comprehension of the matter, we may look at the apparent height from which the late attempt to depreciate the picture of Lessing, and the painter's rank among the other artists of Germany, and then, also, that which he represents as the infinite depth of the grade of art, on which he places Lessing's execution in the "Martyrdom of Huss," viz., the "*genre*."

The grade of art, which he represents as so infinitely high, requires asceticism in artistic representation, as regards the natural forms and colors of the objects depicted, and the natural accessories of a subject in reality; abstract painting, which admits of no faithful imitation of nature, but whose forms and colors, though they have their basis in nature, are yet reduced or invented traditionally or conventionally, or by individual caprice or fancy. In the history of art, we find two classes of this abstract painting: the one, which is historically authorized to be what it is; the other, whose existence is entirely unauthorized, because, with the consciousness of wrong, it still keeps up its error.

Among the abstract paintings of modern times which are historically authorized, we find first, those which, in reference to the architectural purpose they serve, bear an ornamental character—fresco paintings for example, among others. But, besides these, this class includes the paintings of Overbeck,

Deeger, Hess, and other artists, who, on the road to the reformation of long ruined art, have been spell-bound in the gardens of the studies of older Italian and German masters, either by their individual tendency to a child-like faith in the church traditions of former centuries, which they found represented in the pictures of saints by those older masters, or by the want of genial power to extricate themselves from the magic circle of those studies.

We must also regard those pictures as historically authorized, which belong to the period of the studies and development of Cornelius and his contemporary pupils, not excepting several pictures of Kaulbach. These artists, however, with more or less success, have passed beyond this grade of art, to the effort, after a more concrete representation of the ideal in that life-like truth to nature which Kaulbach already commands, in a certain degree, and Lessing completely. Finally, we may call historically authorized, the abstract paintings of the Frenchman David and his schools. For they developed themselves in strong contrast to the stiff, formal style in art prevalent at that period, even though they could only bring out this contrast in exaggerated theatre gestures, and colored imitation of abstractly treated sculptures of early times. From this tendency, too, the greater part of the modern French painters have freed themselves in a high degree, without, however, having equalled, as yet, their own masters—Delaroche and Vernet, and the modern Belgian masters, who have hastened on before them, and still less have they been able to overtake Lessing.

Among the productions in modern abstract painting, not historically authorized, such as the depreciator of Lessing's picture would have, we reckon, all those modern hypocritical church and convent pictures, and pictures of saints with all the form-types and abstract symbolical and allegorical elements sanctioned by the traditions of the church, which were either painted for the sake of earning a living, by painters of no superior genius, as altar-pieces, or procession-banners for the retrogade Romish Church party, or those painted by Schadow, and such of his inferior pupils of the Dusseldorf Academy, as are influenced by him and his ecclesiastical friends—painted from inability to comprehend the efforts made by Lessing, Kaulbach, and Delaroche, to attain the union of reality and ideality. They put in the place of nature, warm with life, obsolete, traditional, reduced and castrated forms, ostensibly to bring to view, by so doing, higher transcendental ideas, but in reality, to put, in this disguise, which appears to the uncultivated mass like a spiritual existence, unnatural forms or artificial colors, in the place of the ideas which their spiritual poverty does not know how to assemble and to shape with any truth to nature. Moreover, that abstract painting is unauthorized, which has its origin, with uncreative, yet reflecting painters, in the struggle to satisfy those makers of theories, who limp on behind the acting time—in the case before us, the so-called "ideal historical pictures," without truth to nature, which they leave to the "low artist-soul of the *genre*."

This is what our critic of Lessing's picture would have. But while these mannerists, who leave every contemplative beholder unmoved, either scorn, because they think themselves too enlightened to make their representations after the old ecclesiastical type, or while the latter can by no means be matched to their fantastic subjects, they produce only theatrically-exaggerated figures, such as the critic desires for the principle subject of the picture—for Huss—and such as he praises so lavishly in the theatrical figure of the executioner, which I should justly blame, if such a representation were not exactly suited to the public performance of an executioner.

As regards the definition of *genre*-painting, the one given by Lessing's deprecator is partly vague, partly one-sided, and, therefore, by no means applicable to all pictures which are called *genre* pictures, and least so to Lessing's Huss.

All that can be gathered as a definition of the "*genre*," from the infinite variety of real *genre*-pictures in existence—including the older Dutch, and the modern English, French and German—is this: that it represents the conditions of nature, and in it of man. This representation of the conditions has reached, in modern times, a degree of perfection in which the union of the real and ideal is the artistic aim. But that which the critic classes as *genre* must exhibit a great deal that real art rejects, even in the *genre*, and a little of which his fancy detects in Lessing's painting, so as to make it, at any risk, a *genre* picture. A picture which is in reality a *genre*-painting, need not be lowered by imaginary faults in drawing, (they have probably been pointed out to the critic by some individuals entirely ignorant of perspective,) by mistaking the dust for the smoke of the wood around the stake, etc., to prove it to be a *genre*-picture. It is not only from the eye of the Virgin Mary, from the midst of the saints, from the features of Marcus Curtius, that the divine beams out; it beams also from the dew-drops on the petals of flowers, it rocks on the ocean billows; in breathes in the dark depths of the forest, and is present even in the lowliest cottage; it passes through streets and over narrow paths, and can make a temple of every market-place. But the divine does not always beam from the distorted features of the exalted fanatic, when "his eye is glowing," nor from the head, conceitedly thrown back, of a so-called hero, who does not cease, even in his last hour, to be an egotistical braggart—it beams not from him, even though "his step is firm and noble," but it may beam from the plain, unassuming features of a great, devout spirit, who is entirely indifferent at being the subject of an exhibition—as Lessing represents his Huss. And, altogether, the critic's doctrine of estimating the height of art according to the degree of abstraction from fidelity to nature in representation, is an antiquated one, and entirely insufficient for the progress of art. Are not the paintings of Robert, Becker, Mayer, etc., which represent rural, social, and domestic conditions, classic, that is, ever beautiful works of art, although they are *genre*-pictures; and those landscapes and sea pieces by Achenbach, Calarme, Lessing, etc., which represent the life of nature in grand

scenes of destruction, or the warring of the elements—they are dramatic and epic pictures of nature, and no *genre*-pictures, truly as they reflect nature in every detail. These, as well as the political-social pictures of Hubner, and the humorous ones Schrodter, have, although, according to the critic, they ought to be *genre*-pictures, infinitely more artistic worth than the abstract ideal pictures of Schadow, although in these all the demands are satisfied which the critic makes in a picture "of the higher kind." But the critic does not seem to recognise the great importance of the "*genre*" for the progressive development of modern art. Every one acquainted with the history of art will know that "*genre*," in its followers, as a peculiar species of painting, is a fruit of the reformation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that only by being freed from the abstract forms and ecclesiastical types, it was rendered possible for art to represent life and nature for their own sake. The Dutch made the beginning at that period; modern times have continued to build on this foundation, earnestly striving for the union of the ideal and truth to nature.

Thus the *genre* has modelled a new species of art, whose subject and essential meaning requires a representation of the union of reality and ideality. This is historical painting—the youngest independent formation of modern art. The critic of Lessing's historical picture does not know this; what he calls "ideal historical art" (as the "pre-eminent chief" of which, he designates Kaulbach, while in reality it was still Cornelius,) is only the one stage of transition which is comprehended in the effort to attain the reality of an already powerfully-developed ideality; on which stage the excellent Cornelius has already been surpassed by Kaulbach, if not in classicality of drawing, yet in the characteristic, and in poetical flight, and particularly in a more natural coloring.

In grandeur of conception, Kaulbach stands, undeniably, above Lessing; but, on the other hand, the latter is much beforehand in that which Kaulbach strives zealously to attain in every new picture: depth of expression of character and mind, poetical harmony of coloring, within the limits of the strictest truth to nature, and, at all times, the ideal breath of a life-like warmth, which touches us so directly in all beautiful scenery. Although these last named merits, after which Kaulbach is striving, are chief features of Lessing's Huss, the critic not only does not recognise them, but even seeks in them the elements of his blame in the depreciation of the picture. Of coloring he apparently knows nothing, without seeming to be aware of it, to judge from his endeavors at finding fault with the coloring of the praying girl's costume in the foreground of the picture, to the effect of which it is alone owing that Lessing has succeeded in not making the black color of Huss's garment—an historical necessity of the picture, which is so very difficult to balance in just the position it occupies—disturb the harmony of coloring in the whole. Such errors make us cease to wonder that the critic does not feel the poetry of coloring in this excellent painting, and in beholding it, has not been drawn into the

sultry atmosphere, into the total effect of the general coloring, so well adapted to the action represented, nor is he sensible of this sultriness of nature in the picture, which seems to have been long thirsting for dew and refreshing rains, etc.

But the critic does not desire, in a classical picture, such truth to nature. Very well, he must then dispense with all modern art. For modern art requires, in fact, for its representations, ideas which bear their reality in themselves, and a reality which is penetrated by, and filled with, the spirit of a higher idea. But these required ideas are to be found in history, particularly in more modern times, partly in the wide contrasts between the political and social developments of the middle ages and those of later years, partly in those moments in history, which are of importance to the inner religions, or the freer philosophical spiritual life of nations. Lessing's Huss presents to us the idea of the contrast between the old stationary church, and the young mind pressing onward, but not yet arrived at outward power. If, then, the clearly conceived ideas of modern times are already found rising to the surface in history, this history, again, is just that reality required for modern art. But at the bottom there lies still the union of reality and ideality, so long sought after by art; an ideality which can never be realized for an abstract logical, nor transcendental art—an ideality, for which, art, in its representations, needs no imaginary typical forms, no reduced nature, no symbolical and allegorical elements, which leave the beholder cold, because a cold calculation has produced them, and no unnatural psychological coloring dwelling on the over-excited, diseased retina of the eye of an abstract painter. For modern art, as nourished by Lessing, Kaulbach, etc., has the capacity of serving as the expression of the required ideas and great agitations of the times and their spirit, in spite of all resistance from decaying churches, rotten monarchies, and false theoretical school systems. Lessing's Huss is such an expression. Not an artificial system, nor an established doctrine, but the fact of the existence of modern works of art, justifies me in the assertion, that the nature of the newest form of art, historical painting—and Lessing's Huss is an historical picture—is the solution of the problem: "to represent the *spirit of the times* in its *full, concrete, sensual existence*," but not after the manner of ages long gone by. To solve this newest problem of art, artistic representation cannot and must not fall back upon the means of an unprogressing and surpassed period; the artist must grasp important events from the higher standard of the present, comprehend them with its spiritual development, and represent them with all the technical perfection afforded by the means of our day, not *although*, but *because*, it is thus possible to reflect the truth of nature.

This demand of the times has been in a high degree satisfied by Lessing in his Huss. It is true, we might imagine a grander picture, if, for its conception, drawing and coloring, we will only let our fancy mould Lessing and Kaulbach together, into one single individual artist. But it is not such a *highest* degree of the union of reality and ideality that the critic demands; he

calls for an abstract ideality, which has been attempted in thousands of pictures, that leave us unimpressed, and we undervalue the positively excellent side of the picture, namely, its historical truth in the representation of the event, and the historical characters concerned in it, and the truth to nature and the noble conception with which they are depicted in the painting. But the ideality which the picture has just been proved to contain, the critic is not able to discover. Instead of this, he sets his view of the figure of Huss before us, which has such a common-place appearance, that we could show him hundreds of such heroes in mediocre pictures, on the stage, and in the circus. With all this, his ideal of Huss is so unhistorical, that it is entirely useless for an historical picture. The critic may convince himself of this by an attentive study of history. Lessing's Huss is depicted with historical truth, nobly, but humanly. Huss was no buskined theatre-hero, nor a fanatic, like the troop of Hussites who were followers of Ziska; and at his dying day, through his sufferings in prison, his body, which was always delicate, was very much weakened; not so his spirit. He died calm and resigned, without enacting, by unnecessary exhibition, a drama before the multitude. A more accurate study of history will, moreover, convince the critic, that Lessing has represented the Palatine Ludwig, of Bavaria—this shallow royal fop, and miserable Jack Ketch of the holy fathers of the Council—in a manner not to be equalled, as the type of the Emperor Sigismund, and all the royal representatives of the German Empire at that time, without injuring the æsthetic sense of the beholder. What the critic blames in this, is in reality the greatest praise for Lessing. It is the same with the representatives of the Romish church; that they formed such a contrast to the Hussites, those powerful Slavic natures, full of grief and suppressed wrath, is an historical truth, and an artistic beauty of the picture.

I will enter into no further particulars about the merits of this painting, as I shall notice it more connectedly, and without the restraint of controversy. Nor do I care to answer to the trivial, and not even correct fault-finding of the critic. In reading those passages, I was reminded of a scene which I once witnessed when Cornelius was still occupied with his "Last Judgment" at Munich. A stranger visited the picture three days in succession, and always looked only at the lower part of the colossal angel with the sword of justice. When, at length, Cornelius addressed him in a friendly way, the stranger asked him: "If one of the great toes of the angel were not a little too small?" Cornelius examined it, and really found it too short by half a straw's width; he smilingly corrected the fault with one stroke of the brush, and then said, still smiling, to the gentleman: "But now take a look at the *picture*, if you please!"

DR. KOERNER.

In the *Express* of 12th May, 1851, appeared the following extract from the preceding article of Dr. Köerner, for the general reader, leaving out the more profound reflections upon the philosophy of art contained in the original:

"Among the productions in modern abstract painting, which the progress of art no longer recognises, are the so-called *ideal-historical* pictures, without truth to nature, which latter they leave to the "*Genre.*" Such an ideal-historical picture without truth to nature and history is, what the depreciator of Lessing would have. But these mannerists, who think themselves enlightened, leave every contemplative beholder unmoved, because, instead of nature warm with life, they paint traditional and obsolete forms, ostensibly to bring to view higher transcendental ideas, appearing in their disguise to the uncultivated mass like a spiritual existence, but the plain fact is, that they are incapable to assemble and to shape their unnatural subjects and colors with any truth to nature, and they consequently produce only fantastic and theatrically exaggerated figures, such as the critic in the *Tribune* desires for the principal subject of the picture, for Huss—and such as he praises so lavishly in the figure and theatrical attitude of one of the executioners, which might justly be blamed, if they were not exactly suited to the public performance of such a person.

"It is not alone from the eyes of the Virgin Mary, from the midst of the Saints, from the features of Marcus Curtius, that the divine beams out; it beams also from the dew-drops on the petals of flowers, it rocks on the ocean billows, and breathes in the dark depths of the forest. But the divine does not always beam from the distorted features of the exalted fanatic, when 'his eye is glowing,' nor from the head, conceitedly thrown back, of a so-called hero, even though his step is 'firm and noble,' but it may beam from the plain, unassuming features of a great, devout spirit, who is entirely indifferent at being the subject of an exhibition, and it does beam from the countenance of Huss, such as Lessing has represented it.

"The critic's doctrine of estimating the height of art according to its abstraction from fidelity to nature, is altogether an antiquated one, and entirely insufficient for the progress of art. He does not seem to recognise the great importance of *Genre* painting for the progressive development of modern art. Everybody acquainted with the history of art will know that as a peculiar species of painting, '*Genre*' is a fruit of the reformation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and that only by being freed from abstract and antiquated forms and trammels, it was rendered possible for art, to paint life and nature for their own sake. Thus the "*Genre*" has modelled a new branch of painting, the subject and essential meaning of which requires the representation of reality and ideality united. This is *historical* painting—the youngest independent formation of modern art. The critic of Lessing's picture does not know this. For grandness of conception, Kaulbach stands undeniably above Lessing; but the latter is far ahead in that which Kaulbach strives zealously to attain in every new picture; depth of expression of character and mind,

poetical harmony of coloring, within the limits of the strictest truth to nature, and, at all times, the ideal breath of a life-like warmth, which touches us so directly in all beautiful scenery. Although these last named merits are chief features of Lessing's Huss, the critic is not only not aware of them, but even seeks in them the elements of his blame in the depreciation of the picture. Of coloring he apparently knows nothing, to judge from his endeavors to find fault with the coloring of the praying girl's costume in the foreground of the picture, to the very effect of which it is owing, that Lessing has so admirably succeeded in not making the black color of Huss's garment—an historical necessity, and extremely difficult to balance in just the position it occupies—disturb the harmony of the whole. Such errors make us cease to wonder that the critic does not feel the poetry of coloring in this noble picture, and in contemplating it, has not been drawn into its total effect, so inimitably adapted to the action represented, nor is he at all sensible of the sultriness of nature prevailing in the picture, which seems to have been long thirsting for dew and refreshing rain. But the critic does not want, in a classical painting, such truth to nature. Very well, he must then dispense with all modern art, for modern art requires, in fact, for its representation, ideas which bear their reality in themselves, and are penetrated with a higher spirit. Lessing's Huss presents the idea of the contrast between the old stationary church, and the young mind pressing onward, but not yet arrived at outward power. If, then, the clearly conceived ideas of modern times are found rising to the surface in history, this history is precisely that reality, required for modern art, which, as practised and nourished by Lessing, Kaulbach and others, has the capacity of serving as the expression of the times and their spirit. Lessing's Huss is consequently an historical picture, because it represents the spirit of the time in its full, concrete, sensual existence, and not after the manner of ages long gone by. To solve this newest problem of art, the artist cannot and must not fall back upon a surpassed period, but, on the contrary, he must grasp important events from the higher standard of the present, comprehend them in their spiritual development, and paint them with all the technical perfection afforded by the means of our day, not *although*, but *because* the truth of nature is thus reflected. This requisite of modern art has been in a high degree satisfied in Lessing's Huss, by its historical truth, and by the simple yet exquisitely harmonious conception with which this truth has been depicted. But this the critic is not able to discover, and instead of it he sets *his* view of the figure of Huss before us, which has such a common-place appearance, that we could show him numbers of such heroes, in mediocre pictures, on the stage and in the circus. Moreover, his ideal of Huss is so unhistorical, that it is entirely useless for an historical painting. The critic may convince himself of this by an attentive perusal of history. Lessing's Huss is traced with historical truth, nobly but humanly. Huss was no buskined theatre-hero, nor a fanatic, like the troop of Hussites who were followers of Ziska, and at his dying day, through his suf-

ferings in prison, his body, always delicate, was much emaciated. But his spirit remained firm, and he died calm and resigned, without enacting by unnecessary exultation, a drama before the multitude.

"A more accurate study of history will further convince the critic, that Lessing has drawn the Palatine Ludwig, this shallow royal fop and Jack Ketch of the Holy fathers of the Council, in a manner not to be surpassed, as the type of the Emperor Sigismund and the royal representatives of the German Empire at that time, without injuring the æsthetic sense of the beholder; and what the critic blames, is in reality the greatest praise for Lessing. It is the same with the representatives of the Roman Church; that they form such a contrast to the Hussites, those powerful Slavic natures, full of grief and suppressed wrath, is an historical truth and an artistic beauty of the picture. I will enter into no further particulars about its merits, as I shall notice it more connectedly hereafter without the restraint of controversy,—nor do I care to answer to the trivial and not even correct fault-finding of the drawing, by which I was reminded of a scene, which I once witnessed, when Cornelius was still occupied in Munich with his "Last Judgment." A stranger visited the picture several days in succession, and always looked at the lower part of the Colossal Angel with the sword of justice. When at length Cornelius addressed him in a friendly manner, the stranger asked him, "if one of the great toes of the Angel was not a little too small?" Cornelius examined it, and really found it too short by half a straw's width; he smilingly corrected the fault with one stroke of the brush and then said, still smiling, to the gentleman: "but now do me the favor to take a look at the picture." D.

The following critical dissertation has not appeared in the newspapers. It was originally written in German, by Mr. Moras, of New York, and has been translated into English, for insertion into the present series of catalogues:

THE MARTYRDOM OF HUSS.—Lessing had, already previous to this noble work, selected the Great Bohemian Reformer as the subject of a masterly painting; in praise of which much has been said and written. It belongs to the Museum of Frankfort, in Germany. But this last creation of his exalted genius surpasses all preceding ones, and conclusively proves the steady progress of the great artist.

We find Huss, in the 15th century, in Bohemia, as the representative of enlightened views against the corruption of the Catholic priesthood, whose labors were all directed to the spreading of ignorance and superstition among the people. History reports him the fearless champion of Christianity in its purest form, and opposing, in bold relief, the immorality and pernicious influence of Pontifical power. The artist who can grasp the character of so mighty an epoch in history, and present it to the spectator in such a manner as to arrest and enchain the attention of even the most careless observer, merits the highest praise.

By his unceasing efforts for the restoration of simple, original Christianity, Huss, to the consternation and terror of the clergy, won many partisans in Bohemia. Rome trembled at the stern denunciations of her degradation, which threatened to inflict an incurable wound upon the whole artificial fabric of the Papal Hierarchy. The Pope, confiding in the strength of his spiritual and temporal power, endeavored to interdict the labors of Huss; who, thereupon, appealed to a general council, before whom he appeared in November, 1414, rejoiced to have the opportunity of publicly pleading for and vindicating his doctrines. The Emperor Sigismund, of Germany, granted him letters patent, insuring his personal safety; and by order of Winceslaus, King of Bohemia, a number of the Bohemian nobility became his escort. But notwithstanding the assurances of the Pope, and the earnest protestations of the nobles who accompanied him, Huss was arrested, and brought before the council as a prisoner. So great, however, was the fear of his opponents, lest their moral deformity might suffer conviction from the purity and truth of his doctrines, that they forbade all public discussion of them. At the final examination, which took place July 6th, 1415, thirty-nine sentences, taken from his dissertations, were read to him, all of which he enthusiastically acknowledged as his own; but instead of admitting his defence and arguments, based on the scriptures, an unconditional recantation of his "heretical tenets," was demanded from him. But as he remained firm, his accusers, who were also his judges, sentenced him to be burned, together with his writings; and this inhuman edict was put into execution the same day—the emperor having revoked his protection, through fear of the ecclesiastical power. After this slight historical reminiscence, we pass to the contemplation of the picture.

In the centre of the colossal painting, (about 12 by 18 feet) kneels the figure of Huss, upon a grassy mound. Behind him, the fanatic rabble mockingly draws near, while in the foreground, on the right, appears the Duke of Bavaria and the Pope's representatives—the former commissioned by the emperor to superintend the execution. On the left a large group are gathered to witness the sufferings of the martyr, and among them are mingled friends and adherents, in striking contrast with thoughtless and indifferent spectators. The funeral pile is attended by the executioners; further back we discern the hirelings of power, with banners unfurled. In the background rise the steeples of Constance, while far in the distance the mountains of Switzerland raise their snow-clad peaks through the mellow atmosphere of a summer evening.

The composition is bold and grand, yet simple and truthful. There is no theatrical pomp, no superfluous additions; no capricious treatment, either in general or detail; but still there is an exquisite fulness of scenic effect; and Lessing has delineated everything with consummate skill and profound knowledge of his subject. The monk in the foreground, near the Duke of Bavaria, is as much in his place as the executioners, eagerly awaiting their victim.—Each figure is individualized, and marked with some peculiar and characteristic emotion, expressive of the person's nature and particular calling; and, in-

short, all suits the momentous occasion. Full of hope and courage, Huss kneels down to offer up a last prayer. Resignedly he contemplates his approaching fate, as if warmed by a conviction that a fruitful soil, to be nurtured with his blood, had received the seed of his righteous doctrines. True to his faith, and purified by the spirit of Christ, he remains firm and unshaken in the midst of all trials, and kneels before his Creator, to invoke his blessing and mercy upon his enemies—as his Redeemer had done before him.

Let us now contemplate the manner in which Lessing has portrayed the various shades of thought, feeling and passion, in this triumph of modern art. The malicious expression of the scoffing fanatic, who presses forward with the fatal cap, is finely rendered, and "Down with the arch heretic!" "Vengeance upon the enemies of the alone saving Church!" are written in every lineament, and flash from the caverns of his eyes. The figure on his right, grasping a weapon in his uplifted hand, and whispering to the martyr words of bitter scorn and hate, is full of power and expression.

On the left, an aged ruffian presses forward with eyes intent upon Huss; he seems amazed at so much fortitude and resignation in a heretic, and impatiently awaits the moment, when the blazing faggots will be piled around the suffering martyr, and yet drive him to a recantation of his heresies. Many others crowd forward—each a distinct and separate being, different in thought and feeling, but all burning with intense hatred of the intrepid reformer.

The great merit of Lessing's painting lies in the truthful manner in which all and everything is expressed. At every glance we discover some new beauty, some surpassing excellence, which had not before revealed itself. Every figure stands out from the canvass, fraught with a peculiar characteristic.—Every thought, feeling and passion is depicted with masterly power, and the whole are grouped around the noble impersonation of meek heroism in the centre, with an artistic skill and grace rarely equalled in the annals of art; and it is impossible to detect the slightest repetition, either in drawing or colors.

We will pass to the second principal group. The Duke of Bavaria has received orders from the Emperor to be present at the execution. Seated upon a spirited steed, a true portraiture of the chivalry of the middle ages, he reveals to us, in his exterior, the relation in which the civil power stood to that of the clergy. One is the pillar of the other, and yet they contest their prerogatives at every step, lest their balance should be destroyed. Without the co-operation of the Empire, the Papal authority is impotent; and without the consecration of the Church, the Empire is untenable. Each acts in conjunction with the other, so far as necessity demands, and no farther. On a black horse, most admirably drawn for the service of an ecclesiastic of the time, we see a Bishop. In his eye the expression of cruelty is clearly observed; his mouth is drawn into a sneer, and his grey head is turned with cool indifference towards the scene. He is there to represent the dignity of the priesthood—the authority of ecclesiastical power. Revenge, combined with a pharisaical appearance

of pious satisfaction, are inimitably expressed in the face of this Bishop, who is accustomed to see people die, and to whom it matters little who is sacrificed, so that the authority of the Church be not endangered. The Duke, on the other hand, represents the Empire; he turns towards the Bishop, as if in doubt of the righteousness of the judgment. With a happy moderation, the painter has exhibited in his attire, just sufficient of the outward show of the courtier and warrior, for the solemnity of the moment. The figure is perfect; the head sharply marked—a successful mixture of master and bondsman, of thought and frivolity; a man who, like the victim, fears not death. The Knight, who bears the Bavarian banner, is a faithful picture of the reckless, wine-loving, and war-trained feudal nobility of the middle ages. Lessing has thrown a slight expression of ennui into his features, indicative of the mortification he feels, at being compelled to witness, in company with the Duke, an execution in the service of the clergy. The fourth figure of the group, only partly visible, discloses, by his dark features and red hat, the Italian cardinal. He is the experienced man of the world, who takes no more interest in the scene than his own importance renders necessary; sufficient to enable him to render, as a witness, some report of the execution. He is represented with a sharp, energetic physiognomy, without the least expression of even momentary excitement, for he has been trained to conceal every emotion.

Lastly, the Franciscan friar, with his antiquated eye-glasses, a zealous servant of the church. His eyes are weak with much study, and he cannot trust them while viewing the arch-heretic kneeling at his prayers with the calm air of innocence, unshaken by his approaching martyrdom. The expression of uncertainty and doubt in the appearance of this monk is evident and striking.

As a most necessary connecting link between the party described and the group on the left, we consider the kneeling girl in the foreground. Though she turns her back to us, the attitude convinces us of the fervor of her prayers, in pious sympathy with a fellow-creature, who is about to die. Next to her we perceive a Bohemian Knight, bending forward with clasped hands. He is a friend and adherent of the martyr, by whose doctrines he has been converted to a better faith. To God he directs his prayers, and his vigorous form leads us to suppose that he is one of those who struggled, unsuccessfully, against the arrest of the martyr.

The two men on the hillock, the first with the fine head, frank and spirited eyes, and blond moustaches, and the other with the thick, black head of hair, and the knotty club under his arm, are Bohemians. But they represent more than that, for by placing these outwardly-contrasting figures together, the artist has intimated the consequences of the catastrophe enacted before their eyes. We are to consider them as the representatives of the Hussites, who, in after years, waged a terrible civil war in Bohemia. The younger one personifies the peaceful Calixtines; the other, whose fiery and revengeful eyes are bent upon the scene, the wild Tuborites, who, by their ungovernable fana-

ticism and horrible outrages disgraced the cause of the Hussites. These two figures especially belong to history.

Let us turn to the other spectators, and see what feelings may be read in their various countenances. The Trinitarian monk in the foreground, with his strong frame enveloped in the white cowl and brown loose garment, seems to inquire into the feelings of the martyr, and to be familiar with the awful sight of death at the stake; yet a certain interest for Huss, is evident in the workings of his features. The busy citizen of Constance in front of him, has come obviously to witness a spectacle, but already there arises in his heart a feeling of compassion for the noble victim, and, as he clasps his hands, an inaudible prayer escapes his lips. But his neighbor, the young woman with the slender figure, wins our admiration by the charm of her sympathy, and heartfelt compassion for the reformer. Her eyes betray the feelings of her soul, and she inwardly exclaims, "O, would that I could save him!" Behind her we see an old female, who stares at Huss with an expression of vulgar admiration. A prominent figure in this left group is yet the Augustine monk. His down cast eyes, and dejected attitude, his hands lightly clasped upon his breast, are all simply, yet clearly and truthfully expressive. In short, thus we are constantly called upon to admire Lessing's rare pschycological conception and his powerful delineation of characteristics, and it is an ever increasing pleasure to study and follow him in his imaginative flight. There can be nothing more pleasing, than the genuine expression of the girl's head with blonde hair, on the verge of the canvass.

The executioners, considering the difficulty which the painter must have experienced in their representation, are rendered with an effect so masterly, that every contemplator will be struck by it, without being hurt in his aesthetic sensibility, and this could not have heen avoided if the burning act itself had been made the subject of the picture, on the technical merits of which we will yet add a few words.

First, as regards the perspective, the whole distance, as presented to our view is so skilfully managed, that we could almost venture to define its area by feet and inches. Then the drawing is so perfect, that, even without the magic aid of color, it would appear bold and well-defined, free, yet precise. In the draperies, and in fact in all the accessories, Lessing has developed the same excellence as in the groupings of the figures, and what can be more felicitous than the masterly distribution of light and shade over the whole picture? All is so life-like and so much in accordance with the spirit of the age, that, notwithstanding the lapse of time, we feel ourselves the actual witnesses of the scene. It would have been an easy task for Lessing to have surprised and dazzled us with theatrical effects, but he is too great an historical artist to sacrifice truth and simplicity to mere show.

In the coloring, we are constantly reminded of the difficulties which had to be overcome in properly representing this important scene from the history of the past, and it requires great talent, immense technical skill and deep

historical study to avoid falling into false glare, by which historical truth can only be impaired. A single glance at the duke and his banner-bearer is sufficient to assure us that Lessing understood and knew how to overcome such difficulties. In the style and color of the costumes, in the shape of the weapons, and in all the trappings, the artist has strictly followed the highest historical authorities, and this is the more to be appreciated, as mistakes and errors of this description generally find grace in the eyes of even the sharpest critics. But all Lessing's productions are scrupulously truthful in all their details. The landscape in this great work of art is also painted with exquisite skill,—it reminds us of a sultry July evening, and spreads over the whole composition a harmony, which perhaps no other painting, either old or modern, equals.

So much for Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss. The Dusseldorf Gallery offers us also, opportunities of contemplating the artist, in his excellence as a landscape painter, which will be done hereafter.

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123. King Lear, by *Hildebrandt.*

The same artist who painted Othello and Desdemona.

The subject of this painting has been taken from the German translation of Shakspeare's King Lear, by Schlegel and Tieck, Act IV, Scene 7th, in which the King says to Cordelia:

> "You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave;
> Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound upon a wheel of fire,
> That mine own tears do scald like moulten lead."

The artist's aim has been to represent the filial love of Cordelia, who, although disinherited and disowned by her father, clings to him—whereas his daughters Generil and Regan, upon whom he bestowed his blessing, drove him into despair and madness. Upon the King's waking up from one of his fits, Cordelia speaks to him full of love and humility, and he consequently looks upon her as a spirit from the other world. King Lear rests in a fauteuil upon white pillows, and starting up in great trepidation, stretches his right hand towards Cordelia, as if hesitating to touch her, whilst his left is pressed convulsively upon his heart. Cordelia bends down towards him with compressed hands. Behind the King's chair his Physician seems to observe with great care his condition. These three figures in full light, constitute the chief attraction of

the picture. At some little distance from Cordelia stands the faithful Earl of Kent, in the habit of a servitor and messenger, he rests both his hands upon his battle-axe and unconsciously crumpling his barrett, looks anxiously at the scene before him; at his side is a youthful noble doing the same. Both these figures are in the shade. On the other side, behind the Physician, are a young domestic, and a female attendant of Cordelia, also in the shade.

The back-ground is a rich canopy, and the view from the tent opens upon the French Camp.

124. Madonna and Child, by *Carl Muller.*

This beautiful picture is of the size of life. Muller and Deger are the Dusseldorf artists who have the greatest reputation for sacred subjects. At the Exhibition at Dusseldorf it obtained the most unqualified approbation. It will be engraved on copper, at the express request of the Dusseldorf Academy.

Maria descending on Clouds shows to the world the Holy Infant, who in his left hand holds the Globe redeemed by the Cross, and with his right hand blesses it. The face of the Holy Infant is not only very beautiful and sweet, but divinity is unmistakably expressed upon his forehead.

In painting Maria, the artist has had reference to the Revelation of St. John, Chap. 12, v. 1.

"And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

125. Reconciliation of Cardinal Woolsey with Queen Catharine, shortly before his death, by *Carl Clasen.*

Woolsey.—This much feared minister of Henry the VIII, had been banished to Winchester, but his enemies not satisfied with his humiliation, caused him to be impeached for high treason, and by command of the King he was conducted to London, accompanied only by Cavendish, his master of the horse. The Cardinal succumbed under his misfortunes, and in the neighborhood of the Abbey of Leicester his strength completely abandoned him. He entered the Abbey, saying to the Abbot, "I come to be buried here."

Queen Catharine, travelling to her place of banishment, had accidentally entered the abbey at about the same time with the Cardinal, who, in the picture, is shown on his death-bed, the curtains of which are partly drawn up. Woolsey, supported by

Cavendish, stretches his arms towards the Queen, who gives him her hand. Around the bed stand and kneel monks variously affected. Behind the Queen stands the Abbot looking up in thankfulness, that two hearts full of enmity were reconciled in the last moments of life. The Cardinal's last words were, that he repented most to have served his King better than his God.

126. The Confidential Friends, by *Boser.*

127. The Festival of Song at the Castle of Wartburg, in the year 1207, by *Bewer.*

Same artist who painted No. 114.

That this picture may be understood, the following extracts are quoted from the Encyclopedia Americana:

Vol. 13, page 69.—Wartburg, an ancient mountain castle, half a league from Eisenach, belonging to the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. It was built between 1069 and 1072, was the residence of the Landgraves of Thuringia, and famous for its Tournaments, especially in the first half of the 13th century. The Elector, Frederick the Wise, of Saxony, caused Luther, who had been outlawed by the Diet of Worms, to be carried thither, where he lived from May 4th, 1521, to March 6th, 1522, engaged in the translation of the Bible. The room in which he labored is yet seen.

The War of the Wartburg, one of the earliest dramatic poems or dialogues in verse, grew out of a poetic contest which took place about 1207, between six of the most distinguished German poets, Henry von Rispach, Walter von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Bitterolf, Henry von Ofterdingen, and Reimar von Zwetern, assembled at the Wartburg, under the protection of the Landgrave. This poem exists, in two manuscripts, in the Manesse collection, and in the Jena manuscript of the *Minnesingers*, from which Zeune printed it in 1808. Opinions differ respecting the writer.

Volume 8, Page 517—*Minnesingers.*—The ancient German word *minne*, was used originally to denote love and friendship, even divine love. At a later period, the German poets of the middle ages, expressed by it particularly a pure, faithful and generally happy love between the two sexes. Walter von der Vogelweide distinguishes the high from the low *minne*, (a distinction similar to that of the ancients,) and defines the former to be the happiness of two hearts, which give and receive equal bliss. Love, the vital element of chivalry, was, with the German poets, something purer, more ideal, more deep,

than with the French. The name *Minnesinger* is given to the lyric German poets of the middle ages in general, on account of love being the chief subject of their poems. At the beginning of the 12th century when the art of poetry came from the South of France to Germany, it found a welcome reception at the court of the Hohenstaufen, the Swabian Emperors of Germany. The Minnesingers were Knights, or, at least, men of noble descent, who lived and sung at the courts of princes, who loved and protected the arts. After the fashion of the Provençal Troubadours, the Minnesingers engaged in poetical contests for the gratification of princes and ladies of the court. Some among them were poor, and earned their living by reciting their songs from court to court; but most of them sang merely for pleasure, when their swords were unemployed—not a few princes took part in these songs. This poetry was essentially chivalric, and breathed the romantic spirit of that extraordinary age. Glowing devotion to the Virgin Mary and the Catholic religion—ideal love for a chosen lady—the charms of spring, always so intimately connected with romantic and lyric poetry—these formed the constant subject of their verse. Every poet sung his own compositions, and accompanied them himself, &c.

Description of the Picture.—Landgrave Herman, of Thuringia, and his wife Mathilde, gave in the year 1207, at their residence, the castle of Wartburg, a festival called "The contest of love singers," and in which the most renowned singers of the time took part. The historical persons in the picture are under the Baldachin: the Landgrave Herman—before him his wife, who observes, with interest, the knight who sings, and who is called Henry von Ofterdingen. He sings of love, and obtains the prize through the favor of the princess and the influence of his Hungarian friend Klingsohr, who, as umpire, occupies the place next the Landgrave. On the right of Ofterdingen seats old Reimar von Zwetern, who has sung an heroic song in honor of Richard Cœur de Lion, and whose neighbor is the passionate Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Swiss, who has sung the merry songs of his country. Behind Henry von Ofterdingen seats on the left Henry von Risbach, called the virtuous, and who has sung pious songs. Above him leans on his harp Johannes von Bitterolf, renowned as an elegant orator and singer, and at his side the group of singers closes with Walter von der Vogelweide, who sings lyric songs full of sensibility. All these singers listen with attention to the song of Henry von Ofterdingen. At the feet of the Princess Mathilde, seats her page, holding a laurel wreath as prize, and at the side of Landgrave Herman, his page holds sword and shield. Behind the Baldachin

is the Court Jester, who, in his way, comments upon some of the courtiers. The rest of the persons in the picture are, ladies, knights and pages belonging to the castle.

130. Cid and his Sons, from Spanish history, by *Grashof.*

Same subject, like No. 22, but smaller.

131. The Two Knights, father and son; the former giving to the latter his Sword, by *Grashof.*

132. Luther, during his sojourn at Castle Wartburg, throwing his Inkstand at Satan, by *Grashof.*

133. Diana and her Nymphs, by *Sohn.*

This picture, when the present series of Catalogues were printed, had not yet been received. The figures are of the size of life, and for drawing and coloring of such subjects, Sohn not only holds the first rank among the artists of Dusseldorf, but has a European reputation.

[The following appeared in the *Literary World* of 6th December, 1851, and it is here yet inserted with reference to the pictures from the "Jobsiade."—(See folio 14.) The translation is again by the Reverend C. T. Brooks.]

Dear Messrs. Editors:—I send you another specimen of the "Josiade." In regard to the metre, the author says in a stanza which I take from another part of the Poem:—

"There are, it is true, some crippled lines, namely,
That have too few feet and crawl lamely;
But then, as a compensation for that, you will meet
Many others that run along on a superabundance of feet."

CHAPTER XV. OF

THE JOBSIADE.

Here follows a copy of the written reply of old Senator Jobs to the foregoing letter.—*Lit. World, Oct.* 11.

Old Senator Jobs's answer (verbatim,
Literatim atque punctatim,)
In form and manner as follows would run:—
Dearly beloved and hopeful son!

I am very happy to see by thy letter,
That thy health and prospects are daily better,
  Nevertheless it causes me pain,
  That thou makest mention of money again.

It is scarce three months, O rarest of scholars!
Since I sent thee a hundred and fifty dollars!
  And I wonder, my son, thou considerest not
  Where in the world so much cash can be got!

I also learn, with lively satisfaction,
That thou findest in study such great attraction,
  But it is with the highest concern I see
  That thou askest 30 ducats of me.

Allow me, my son, the observation,
That, on the most liberal computation,
  A university residence
  Cannot be, with frugality, such an expense.

Most truly thou art right in saying
That lectures and books are not had without paying,
  But it must take a great many to come
  To such an enormous, unheard-of sum.

For lodging and washing and lights and fire,
One cannot possibly require
  So much, and for paper and pens and ink,
  A very few pence would suffice, I should think.

I also perceive, with gratification,
That thou keepest thyself from the contamination
  Of evil companions, especially by night,
  That thy books and thy chamber are all thy delight.

Likewise I am greatly pleased with thy drinking
Nothing but tea,—but I can't help thinking
  To one who pores over his books and drinks tea,
  What use can these 30 ducats be?

That other students for a niggard abuse thee,
May very properly amuse thee,
  For he who spends all that thou hast figured,
  Deserves to be called anything but a niggard.

Let me advise thee to continue the attention
To thy books and studies of which thou mak'st mention,
That thy precious time and thy money, both,
May be wisely spent, and not wasted in sloth.

But mind, my son, the advice of the physician,
And beware even of a *laudable* ambition,
For alas! too often we find it a rule
That the greatest scholar 's the greatest fool.

Thy purpose of preaching deserves commendation,
Be diligent, therefore, in thy preparation,
But from much disputation, when all is done,
Precious little wisdom comes out my son.

The use of a *Privatissimum* I can't conjecture,
When one is already ten hours at lecture,
And I comprehend it the less as you say
There are 20 Rix dollars to pay.

But I waive all further commentary,
For the money thou findest necessary
In pursuing thy studies I gladly allow,
And though it were three times as much as now.

According to thy story (and no doubt it's a true one),
Thou hast torn thy coat, and of course must have a new one,
Nevertheless the cloth must be superfine,
To cost 12 dollars or even 9.

But he that will study to be a pastor,
Should not think to dress so much better than his master,
Therefore a somewhat coarser stuff
Would make thee a coat quite good enough.

For other articles of wearing apparel
Thou demandest 4 Louis d'ors, with that I shan't quarrel,
When night-gown, hat, and trowsers wear out,
New ones are necessary without doubt.

But if I must make, for all this raiment,
And so forth, special and separate payment.
What shall become, Hieronymus dear,
Of the 30 ducats, to me is not clear.

I received with much feeling the information
Of thy recent critical situation,
But to tamper with physic to such an extent,
I must say, my son, is money misspent.

For I scarce ever knew of the rule's failing,
With young folks especially, that when one is ailing,
Nature does better, when left to herself,
Than the best mixture on the apothecary's shelf.

The expense of the Doctor and his preparation
Seem to me little less than an abomination,
And I very seriously question
Whether an apothecary or a Doctor can be a Christian.

And then the confectioner's bill of eight guilders—
My son, my son! it almost bewilders
Thy father's brain!—if thou hadst been wise,
A dollar at most would now suffice.

For citrons, comfits, and things of that nature,
Administer no strength to the feeble creature,
But oatmeal gruel and barley-drinks,
Are better, far, for the sick, methinks.

To fall down stairs is highly injurious,
See to it next time thou art not so furious
To get to thy studies, but take more care,
For it costs a great deal such damage to repair.

Thy surgeon has taken thee in completely,
For our town-barber, who works so neatly,
Will, for 12 dollars, I'm told, restore
A broken leg as whole as before.

But I'm happy to hear of thy restoration,
For when the parson is in his peroration,
His arm must be in a flexible state,
That so he may pound and gesticulate.

I must further lament thy stomach's weakness
Occasioned by thy recent sickness;
My stomach, I'm sorry to say is feeble
From sitting so much at the Council-table.

Nevertheless my earnest advice is:
Abstain from Burgundy, wine and spices;
A bit of flag-root now and then
Will help thy stomach as much again.

Thou mentionest "some small debts, amounting
To 30 or 40 guilders (loose counting);"
I've thought and thought and racked my brain
To guess what debts those can be, but in vain.

Thou hast given already in specification,
Item by item (outside calculation),
And 40 guilders, thou knowest full well
Upon my soul are no "bagatelle!"

And finally thou needest (for such thy pretence is),
A dozen Pistoles for thy general expenses:
No doubt it were very agreeable to thee,
But to me inconvenient in the highest degree.

For as to any unexpected urgency
Those 30 *ducats* will meet the emergency,
These last dozen Louis d'ors seem to me,
In that view, a mere superfluity.

And as to the stolen crowns! thy suggestion,
In point of delicacy admits of a question,
For truly the reparation were sorer to me
Than the alleged robbery is to thee.

But from this disagreeable subject to pass on,
Thy proposal to string the thief up sans façon
Is by no means a Christian sentiment,
Mr. Anonymous may one day repent.

Besides, 'tis a matter of congratulation
In these our days of illumination,
I say it confidentially in thy ear,
Holy justice has grown less severe.

No one who chances a drawer to rifle,
Need mount the double ladder of such a trifle,
At least in our wise Schildburg, they say,
Far greater rogues go clear every day.

When thou in future hast money in keeping,
I advise thee to guard it with vigilance unsleeping,
For nothing is so universal a subject of speculation
As money deposited for preservation.

I and thy mother understand the thing better,
Learn wisdom therefore, from this present letter,
We always lock our cash up tight
And anxiously watch it by day and night.

But to appease thy present desire,
And supply what immediate wants require,
Be pleased hereby the moneys to find,
In a sealed linen bag, each separate kind.

Nevertheless, I must hint to thee, Hieronymus,
That the times we live in are rather ominous,
And it costs me many an anxious thought
Where so much money can ever be got.

There's a very small trifle of business doing,
Folks are so poor—scarce anything brewing
In the honorable Council, and so
My incomes, you see, are very low.

shall, therefore, look forward with pleased expectation,
To the day of thy final graduation,
Especially as, by this time, without doubt,
Thou hast in every branch learned out.

For if thou should'st longer stay and study
As diligently and *dearly* as thou hast already,
I shall grow as poor as Job was once,
Utterly unable to raise any more funds.

We all desire to welcome, greatly,
Our learned son in a style right stately,
Especially thy mother with joy
Looks forward to the return of her boy.

I wish I had some news to write you,
But things are mostly in quo sitû;
I go as usual, early and late,
To the Council-room to deliberate.

There we have had in consideration,
In pleno many an altercation,
Whereby our police affairs may be
Administered judiciously.

Thy mother's teeth have troubled her greatly,
But a distinguished surgeon, lately,
From foreign parts, came along one day,
And took the troublesome teeth away.

A person is paying attention to your sister
Gertrude, his name and title is Mister
Procurator Geier, 'tis well under way,
And Trudy grows taller every day,

Our old parson is always ailing,
They think his health is decidedly failing,
If this excellent man should be taken away,
Thou mightest be our Parson one day.

Our wealthy neighbor's daughter Betty
Sends hearty greetings—the girl is pretty—
And neat and tidy, and would be
A nice little parson's wife for thee.

Thy brothers and sisters all send their greeting
In the joyful hope of a speedy meeting.
They are glad to hear of thy health and success,
And, with wishes for thy happiness,

I remain,
Thy father (in course of natur),
Hans Jobs, pro tempore Senater.
P. S. Write again at an early day,
But spare thy allusions to money, I pray.

C. T. B.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS,

BY ARTISTS OF DUSSELDORF.

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1. Fruit Piece, *Preyer.*

2. The Shipwreck, *Jordan.*

3. Education of Jupiter, *Steinfurth.*

4. Children's Bacchanals, *Mintrop.*

5. The Plentiful Year, *Mintrop.*

Mintrop, as a designer and draftsman of such scenes, has not his equal among the artists of Dusseldorf.

6. The Original Drawing of Becker's Picture, "Reapers overtaken by a Thunder Storm," *Dielmann.*

The print, which American subscribers to the Dusseldorf Art-Union obtained for the year 1849, and an impression of which hangs underneath, was taken from this drawing, which was engraved by Steifensand, of the Dusseldorf Academy, from whom Mr. Boker bought it.

7. The Original Drawing, by Schrader himself, of his Picture, "Frederick the II, Emperor of Germany, and his Physician, Petrus de Vineis, who attempted to poison the Emperor, but was detected by him." This Drawing has also been engraved by Steifensand, from whom Mr. Boker obtained it. A print hangs underneath.

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